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**P.T.O.**



# THE ALCHEMIST













Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours

We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,  
Judging spectators; and desire, in place,

To th' author justice, to ourselves but grace.

Our scene is London, 'cause we would make it known, 5

No country's mirth is better than our own:

No clime breeds better matter for your whore,

Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,  
Whose manners, now called humours, feed the stage;

And which have still been subject for the rage 10

Or spleen of comic writers. Tho' this pen

Did never aim to grieve, but better men;

Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure

The vices that she breeds, above their cure.

But when the wholesome remedies are sweet, 15

And in their working gain and profit meet,

He hopes to find no spirit so much diseased,

But will with such fair correctives be pleased:

For here he doth not fear who can apply.

If there be any that will sit so nigh 20

Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,

They shall find things, they'd think, or wish, were done;

They are so natural follies, but so shown,

As e'en the doers may see, and yet not own.



~~ACT I~~

SCENE 1—*Room in Loverwit's House.*

Face, Subtle, Dol Common.

*Face.* Believe't, I will.

*Subt.* Thy worst, I f— at thee—

*Dol.* Have you your wits? Why, gentlemen! For love—

*Face.* Sirrah, I'll strip you——

*Subt.* What to do? Lick figs

Out at my——

*Face.* Rogue, rogue, out of all your sleights.

*Dol.* Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you madmen

*Subt.* O, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silks  
With good strong water, an you come.

*Dol.* Will you have  
The neighbours hear you? will you betray all? Hark,  
I hear somebody.

*Face.* Sirrah——

*Subt.* I shall mar  
All that the tailor has made, if you approach. 10

*Face.* You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,  
Dare you do this?

*Subt.* Yes, faith! yes, faith!

*Face.* Why, who  
Am I, my mongrel? Who am I?

*Subt.* I'll tell you,  
Since you know not yourself.



*Face.* Speak lower, rogue.

*Subt.* Yes, you were once (time's not long past) the good,  
Honest, plain, livery three-pound-thrum, that kept 16  
Your master's worship's house here in the Friars,  
For the vacations——

*Face.* Will you be so loud?

*Subt.* Since, by my means, translated suburb-captain.

*Face.* By your means, doctor dog?

*Subt.* Within man's memory,  
All this I speak of.

*Face.* Why, I pray you, have I 21  
Been countenanced by you, or you by me?  
Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.

*Subt.* I do not hear well.

*Face.* Not of this, I think it.  
But I shall put you in mind, sir;—at Pie-corner, 25  
Taking your meal of steam in from cooks' stalls;  
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk  
Piteously costive, with your pinched-horn nose,  
And your complexion of the Roman wash,  
Stuck full of black and melancholic worms, 30  
Like powder-corns shot at th' artillery-yard.

*Subt.* I wish you could advance your voice a little.

*Face.* When you went pinned up in the several rags  
You had raked and picked from dunghills, before day;  
Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes, 35  
A felt of rug, and a thin threaden cloak,  
That scarce would cover your no-buttocks——

*Subt.* So, sir!

*Face.* When all your alchemy, and your algebra,  
Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,  
Your conjuring, coz'ning, and your dozen of trades, 40  
Could not relieve your corps with so much linen  
Would make you tinder, but to see a fire ;  
I gave you countenance, credit for your coals,  
Your stills, your glasses, your materials ;  
Built you a furnace, drew you customers, 45  
Advanced all your black arts ; lent you, beside,  
A house to practise in——

*Subt.* Your master's house !

*Face.* Where you have studied the more thriving skill  
Of bawdry since.

*Subt.* Yes, in your master's house,  
You and the rats here kept possession. 50  
Make it not strange. I know you were one could keep  
The buttry-hatch still locked, and save the chippings,  
Sell the dole beer to aqua-vitæ men,  
The which, together with your Christmas vails,  
At post and pair, your letting out of counters, 55  
Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,  
And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs,  
Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up house.

*Face.* You might talk softer, rascal.

*Subt.* No, you scarab.  
I'll thunder you in pieces : I will teach you 60  
How to beware to tempt a Fury again,

That carries tempest in his hand and voice.

*Face.* The place has made you valiant.

*Subt.* No, your clothes.—

Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,  
So poor, so wretched, when no living thing . 65

Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse?  
Raised thee from brooms, and dust, and watering pots,  
Sublimed thee, and exalted thee, and fixed thee

In the third region, called the high state of grace?  
Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with pains 70

Would twice have won me the philosopher's work?  
Put thee in words and fashion? made thee fit  
For more than ordinary fellowships?

Giv'n thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimensions?  
Thy rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit, cards, 75

Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else?  
Made thee a second in mine own great art?  
And have I this for thanks? Do you rebel?

Do you fly out i' the projection?  
Would you be gone now?

*Dol.* Gentlemen, what mean you? 80

Would you mar all?

*Subt.* Slave, thou hadst had no name——

*Dol.* Will you undo yourselves with civil war?

*Subt.* Never been known, past *equi clibanum*,  
The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in cellars,  
Or an ale-house darker than deaf John's; been lost 85  
To all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters,

Had not I been.

*Dol.* Do you know who hears you, sovereign?

*Face.* Sirrah——

*Dol.* Nay, general, I thought that you were civil——

*Face.* I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.

*Subt.* And hang thyself, I care not.

*Face.* Hang thee, collier,  
And all thy pots and pans, in picture, I will, 91  
Since thou hast moved me——

*Dol.* O, this will o'erthrow all. [*Aside.*

*Face.* Write thee up bawd in Paul's, have all thy tricks  
Of coz'ning with a hollow coal, dust, scrapings,  
Searching for things lost, with a sieve and shears, 95  
Erecting figures in your rows of houses,  
And taking in of shadows with a glass,  
Told in red letters; and a face cut for thee,  
Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's!

*Dol.* Are you sound?  
Have you your senses, masters?

*Face.* I will have 100  
A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures,  
Shall prove a true philosopher's stone to printers.

*Subt.* Away, you trencher-rascal!

*Face.* Out, you dog-leech!  
The vomit of all prisons——

*Dol.* Will you be  
Your own destructions, gentlemen?

*Face.* Still spewed out 105

For lying too heavy on the basket.

*Subt.* Cheater !

*Face.* Bawd !

*Subt.* 'Cow-herd !

*Face.* Conjuror !

*Subt.* Cut-purse !

*Face.* Witch !

*Dol.* O me !

We are ruined ! lost ! have you no more regard  
To your reputations ? where's your judgment ? 'Slight,  
Have yet some care of me, of your republic— 110

*Face.* Away, this brach ! I'll bring thee, rogue, within  
The statute of sorcery, *tricesimo-tertio*

Of Harry the Eighth : aye, and perhaps thy neck  
Within a noose for laundring gold, and barbing it. 114

*Dol.* You'll bring your head within a cockscomb, will you ?

*[She catcheth out Face's sword, and breaks Subtle's glass.]*

And you, sir, with your menstrue, gather it up,  
'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,  
Leave off your barking, and grow one again,  
Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.  
I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal 120  
For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt o' you both.

Have you together cozened all this while,  
And all the world, and shall it now be said,  
You have made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves ?  
You will accuse him ! You will "bring him in 125  
Within the statute !" Who shall take your word ?

A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,  
Whom not a puritan in Black Friars will trust  
So much as for a feather; and you too  
Will give the cause, forsooth! You will insult, 130  
And claim a primacy in the divisions!  
You must be chief! As if you only had  
The powder to project with, and the work  
Were not begun out of equality?  
The venture tripartite? All things in common? 135  
Without priority? 'Sdeath, you perpetual curs,  
Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly,  
And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,  
And lose not the beginning of a term,  
Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too, 140  
And take my part, and quit you.

*Face.* 'Tis his fault,  
He ever murmurs, and objects his pains,  
And says, the weight of all lies upon him.

*Subt.* Why, so it does.

*Dol.* How does it? Do not we  
Sustain our parts?

*Subt.* Yes, but they are not equal. 145

*Dol.* Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope  
Ours may to-morrow match it.

*Subt.* Aye, they *may*.

*Dol.* May, murmuring mastiff! aye, and do. Death on me!  
Help me to throttle him.

*Subt.* Dorothy! mistress Dorothy!

'Ods precious, I'll do anything ! What do you mean? 150

*Dol.* Because o' your fermentation and cibation?

*Subt.* Not I, by heaven—

*Dol.* Your Sol and Luna—help me.

*Subt.* Would I were hanged then. I'll conform myself.

*Dol.* Will you, sir? Do so then, and quickly. Swear.

*Subt.* What shall I swear?

*Dol.* To leave your faction, sir.

And labour kindly in the common work. 156

*Subt.* Let me not breathe, if I meant aught beside.

I only used those speeches as a spur

To him.

*Dol.* I hope we need no spurs, sir. Do we? 159

*Face.* 'Slid, prove to-day, who shall shark best.

*Subt.* Agreed.

*Dol.* Yes, and work close and friendly.

*Subt.* 'Slight, the knot

Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me.

*Dol.* Why, so, my good baboons ! Shall we go make  
A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours, 164

(That scarce have smiled twice since the king came in),

A feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals,

Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,

Or you to have but a hole to thrust your heads in,

For which you should pay car-rent? No, agree.

And may Don Provost ride a feasting long, 170

In his old velvet jerkin and stained scarfs,

My noble sovereign, and worthy general,

Ere we contribute a new crewel garter  
To his most worsted worship.

*Subt.* Royal Dol!  
Spoken like Claridiana, and thyself. 175

*Face.* For which at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,  
And not be styled Dol Common, but Dol Proper,  
Dol Singular: the longest cut at night  
Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.

*Subt.* Who's that? one rings. To the window, Dol:  
pray heaven, 180  
The master do not trouble us this quarter.

*Face.* O, fear not him. While there dies one a week  
O' the plague, he's safe, from thinking toward London.  
Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now:  
I had a letter from him. If he do, 185  
He'll send such word, for the airing o' the house,  
As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:  
Though we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.

*Subt.* Who is it, Dol?

*Dol.* A fine young quodling.

*Face.* O,  
My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night 190  
In Holborn, at the Dagger. He would have  
(I told you of him) a familiar,  
To rifle with at horses, and win cups.

*Dol.* O, let him in.

*Subt.* Stay. Who shall do't?

*Face.* Get you



# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT I

Your robes on: I will meet him, as going out. 195

*Dol.* And what shall I do?

*Face.* Not be seen, away!

Seem you very reserved.

*Subt.* Enough. [*Exit Subtle.*]

*Face.* God be with you, sir.

I pray you let him know that I was here. 198

His name is Dapper. I would gladly have stayed, but—

*Dap.* [*within*] Captain, I'm here.

*Face.* Who's that? He's come, I

*Enter Dapper.* [*think, doctor.*]

Good faith, sir, I was going away.

*Dap.* In truth, 201

I'm very sorry, captain.

*Face.* But I thought

Sure I should meet you.

*Dap.* Aye, I'm very glad.

I had a scurvy writ or two to make,

And I had lent my watch last night to one 205

That dines to-day at the sheriff's, and so was robbed

Of my pass-time. [*Re-enter Subtle.*]

Is this the cunning man?

*Face.* This is his worship.

*Dap.* Is he a doctor?

*Face.* Yes.

*Dap.* And have you broke with him, captain?

*Face.* Aye.

*Dap.* And how?

*Face.* Faith, he does make the matter, sir, so dainty,  
I know not what to say.

*Dap.* Not so, good captain. 211

*Face.* Would I were fairly rid on it, believe me.

*Dap.* Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why should you  
wish so?

I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.

*Face.* I cannot think you will, sir. But the law 215  
Is such a thing—and then he says, Read's matter  
Falling so lately——

*Dap.* Read? he was an ass,  
And dealt, sir, with a fool.

*Face.* It was a clerk, sir.

*Dap.* A clerk?

*Face.* Nay, hear me, sir, you know the law  
Better, I think——

*Dap.* I should, sir, and the danger : 220  
You know, I shewed the statute to you.

*Face.* You did so.

*Dap.* And will I tell, then? By this hand of flesh,  
Would it might never write good court-hand more,  
If I discover. What do you think of me,  
That I am a chiaus?

*Face.* What's that?

*Dap.* The Turk was here.  
As one would say, do you think I am a Turk? 226

*Face.* I'll tell the doctor so.

*Dap.* Do, good sweet captain.

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT I

*Face.* Come, noble doctor, pray thee, let's prevail;  
This is the gentleman, and he's no chiaus.

*Subt.* Captain, I have returned you all my answer. 230  
I would do much, sir, for your love—but this  
I neither may, nor can.

*Face.* Tut, do not say so.  
You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor,  
One that will thank you richly, and he's no chiaus:  
Let that, sir, move you.

*Subt.* Pray you, forbear——

*Face.* He has 235  
Four angels here——

*Subt.* You do me wrong, good sir.

*Face.* Doctor, wherein? to tempt you with these spirits?

*Subt.* To tempt my art and love, sir, to my peril.  
'Fore heav'n, I scarce can think you are my friend,  
That so would draw me to apparent danger. 240

*Face.* I draw you? a horse draw you, and a halter—  
You, and your flies together——

*Dap.* Nay, good captain.

*Face.* That know no difference of men.

*Subt.* Good words, sir.

*Face.* Good deeds, sir, doctor dogs-meat. 'Slight, I  
bring you  
No cheating Clim o' the Cloughs, or Claribels, 245  
That look as big as five-and-fifty, and flush;  
And spit out secrets like hot custard——

*Dap.* Captain!

*Face.* Nor any melancholic under-scribe,  
Shall tell the vicar ; but a special gentle,  
That is the heir to forty marks a year, 250  
Consorts with the small poets of the time,  
Is the sole hope of his old grandmother,  
That knows the law, and writes you six fair hands,  
Is a fine clerk, and has his cyphering perfect,  
Will take his oath o' the Greek Testament, 255  
If need be, in his pocket ; and can court  
His mistress out of Ovid.

*Dap.* Nay, dear captain.

*Face.* Did you not tell me so ?

*Dap.* Yes, but I'd have you  
Use master Doctor with some more respect. 259

*Face.* Hang him, proud stag, with his broad velvet head.  
But for your sake, I'd choke, ere I would change  
An article of breath with such a puckfoist—  
Come, let's be gone.

*Subt.* Pray you, let me speak with you.

*Dap.* His worship calls you, captain.

*Face.* I am sorry  
I e'er embarked myself in such a business. 265

*Dap.* Nay, good sir, he did call you.

*Face.* Will he take, then ?

*Subt.* First, hear me——

*Face.* Not a syllable, 'less you take.

*Subt.* Pray ye, sir——

*Face.* Upon no terms but an *assumpsit*.

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT I

*Subt.* Your humour must be law. [*He takes the money.*

*Face.* Why now, sir, talk.

Now I dare hear you with mine honour. Speak. 270

So may this gentleman too.

*Subt.* Why, sir——

*Face.* No whispering.

*Subt.* 'Fore heav'n you do not apprehend the loss  
You do your self in this.

*Face.* Wherein? For what?

*Subt.* Marry, to be so importunate for one  
That, when he has it, will undo you all: 275  
He'll win up all the money i' the town.

*Face.* How!

*Subt.* Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,  
As they do crackers in a puppet-play.  
If I do give him a familiar,  
Give you him all you play for; never set him: 280  
For he will have it.

*Face.* You are mistaken, doctor.  
Why, he does ask one but for cups and horses,  
A rifling fly; none o' your great familiars.

*Dap.* Yes, captain, I would have it for all games.

*Subt.* I told you so.

*Face.* 'Slight, that is a new business! 285  
I understood you a tame bird, to fly  
Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,  
When you had left the office, for a nag  
Of forty or fifty shillings.

*Dap.* Aye, 'tis true, sir ;  
But I do think now I shall leave the law, 290  
And therefore -----

*Face.* Why, this changes quite the case !  
Do you think that I dare move him ?

*Dap.* If you please, sir ;  
All's one to him, I see.

*Face.* What ! For that money ?  
I cannot with my conscience : nor should you  
Make the request, methinks.

*Dap.* No, sir, I mean 295  
To add consideration.

*Face.* Why then, sir,  
I'll try. Say that it were for all games, doctor ?

*Subt.* I say, then, not a mouth shall eat for him  
At any ordinary, but of the score,  
That is a gaming mouth, conceive me.

*Face.* Indeed ! 300

*Subt.* He'll draw you all the treasure of the realm,  
If it be set him.

*Face.* Speak you this from art ?

*Subt.* Aye, sir, and reason too, the ground of art.  
He is o' the only best complexion,  
The queen of Fairy loves.

*Face.* What ! is he ?

*Subt.* Peace. 305  
He'll over-hear you. Sir, should she but see him - -

*Face.* What ?

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT I

*Subt.* Do not you tell him.

*Face.* Will he win at cards too?

*Subt.* The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,  
You'd swear, were in him; such a vigorous luck  
As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put 310  
Six o' your gallants to a cloak, indeed.

*Face.* A strange success, that some man shall be born to!

*Subt.* He hears you, man——

*Dap.* Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.

*Face.* Faith, I have confidence in his good-nature:  
You hear, he says he will not be ingrateful. 315

*Subt.* Why, as you please; my venture follows yours.

*Face.* Troth, do it, doctor; think him trusty, and  
make him.

He may make us both happy in an hour;  
With some five thousand pound, and send us two on't.

*Dap.* Believe it, and I will, sir.

*Face.* And you shall, sir. 320

You have heard all?

*Dap.* No, what was 't? Nothing, I, sir.

[*Face takes him aside.*]

*Face.* Nothing?

*Dap.* A little, sir.

*Face.* Well, a rare star

Reigned at your birth.

*Dap.* At mine, sir? No.

*Face.* The doctor

Swears that you are——

*Subt.* Nay, captain, you'll tell all now.

*Face.* Allied to the queen of Fairy.

*Dap.* Who? that I am?

Believe it, no such matter——

*Face.* Yes, and that 326

You were born with a caul on your head.

*Dap.* Who says so?

*Face.* Come,

You know it well enough, though you dissemble it.

*Dap.* I' fac, I do not : you are mistaken.

*Face.* How !

Swear by your fac? and in a thing so known 330

Unto the doctor? how shall we, sir, trust you

I' the other matter? can we ever think,

When you have won five or six thousand pound,

You'll send us shares in't, by this rate?

*Dap.* By Jove, sir,

I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half. 335

I' fac's no oath.

*Subt.* No, no, he did but jest.

*Face.* Go to. Go thank the doctor: he's your friend,  
To take it so.

*Dap.* I thank his worship.

*Face.* So !

Another angel.

*Dap.* Must I?

*Face.* Must you! 'Slight,

What else is thanks? will you be trivial? Doctor, 340



# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT I

When must he come for his familiar ?

*Dap.* Shall I not have it with me ?

*Subt.* O, good sir !

There must a world of ceremonies pass,

You must be bathed and fumigated first :

Besides, the queen of Fairy does not rise

345

Till it be noon.

*Face.* Not, if she danced, to-night.

*Subt.* And she must bless it.

*Face.* Did you never see

Her royal grace yet ?

*Dap.* Whom ?

*Face.* Your aunt of Fairy ?

*Subt.* Not since she kissed him in the cradle, captain;  
I can resolve you that.

*Face.* Well, see her grace, 350

Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.

It will be somewhat hard to compass ; but,

However, see her. You are made, believe it,

If you can see her. Her grace is a lone woman,

And very rich ; and if she take a fancy 355

She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.

'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has :

It is the doctor's fear.

*Dap.* How will 't be done, then ?

*Face.* Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you  
But say to me, captain, I'll see her grace. 360

*Dap.* "Captain, I'll see her grace."

*Face.* Enough. [*One knocks.*]

*Subt.* Who's there?

Anon.—Conduct him forth by the back way. [*Aside to Face.*  
Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself:

Till when you must be fasting; only take

Three drops of vinegar in at your nose, 365

Two at your mouth, and one at either ear;

Then bathe your fingers' ends, and wash your eyes,

To sharpen your five senses, and cry *Hum*

Thrice, and then *Buz* as often; and then come. [*Exit.*]

*Face.* Can you remember this?

*Dap.* I warrant you. 370

*Face.* Well then, away. It is but your bestowing

Some twenty nobles 'mong her grace's servants,

And put on a clean shirt: you do not know

What grace her grace may do you in clean linen.

[*Exeunt Face and Dapper.*]

*Subt.* [*within*] Come in. Good wives, I pray you forbear  
me now; 375

Troth, I can do you no good till afternoon.—

[*Re-enters, followed by Drugger.*]

What is your name, say you? Abel Drugger?

*Drug.* Yes, sir.

*Subt.* A seller of tobacco?

*Drug.* Yes, sir.

*Subt.* Humph!

Free of the grocers?

*Drug.* Aye, an't please you.

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT I

*Subt.*

Well——

Your business, Abel ?

*Drug.*

This, an't please your worship ; 380

I am a young beginner, and am building

Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just

At corner of a street : (here is the plot on 't :)

And I would know by art, sir, of your worship,

Which way I should make my door, by necromancy, 385

And where my shelves ; and which should be for boxes,

And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir.

And I was wished to your worship by a gentleman,

One Captain Face, that says you know men's planets,

And their good angels, and their bad.

*Subt.*

I do,

390

If I do see 'em——

[*Re-enter* Face.

*Face.*

What ! my honest Abel !

Thou art well met here.

*Drug.*

Troth, sir, I was speaking,

Just as your worship came here, of your worship.

I pray you, speak for me to master doctor.

*Face.* He shall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear ?

This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow ; 396

He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not

Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil,

Nor washes it in muscadel and grains,

Nor buries it in gravel, under ground, 400

Wrapped up in greasy leather or p——d clouts :

But keeps it in fine lily-pots, that, opened,

Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.

He has his maple block, his silver tongs,

Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper, 405

A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.

*Subt.* He is a fortunate fellow, that I'm sure on---

*Face.* Already, sir, have you found it? Lo thee,  
[Abel!]

*Subt.* And in right way tow'rd riches-----

*Face.* Sir!

*Subt.* This summer

He'll be of the clothing of his company, 410

And next spring called to the scarlet; spend what he can.

*Face.* What, and so little beard!

*Subt.* Sir, you must think

He may have a receipt to make hair come.

But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for 't;

His fortune looks for him another way. 415

*Face.* 'Slid, doctor! How canst thou know this so  
[soon?]

I am amused at that!

*Subt.* By a rule, captain,

In metoposcopy, which I do work by;

A certain star i' the forehead, which you see not.

Your chestnut, or your olive-colour'd face 420

Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise.

I knew 't, by certain spots, too, in his teeth,

And on the nail of his Mercurial finger.

*Face.* Which finger's that?

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT I

*Subt.* His little finger. Look !  
You were born upon a Wednesday ?

*Drug.* Yes, indeed, sir. 425

*Subt.* The thumb, in chiromancy, we give Venus ;  
The fore-finger, to Jove ; the midst, to Saturn ;  
The ring, to Sol ; the least, to Mercury :  
Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope,  
His “ house of life ” being Libra ; which fore-showed 430  
He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance.

*Face.* Why, this is strange ! Is it not, honest Nab ?

*Subt.* There is a ship now, coming from Ormus,  
That shall yield him such a commodity  
Of drugs——This is the west, and this the south ? 435

*Drug.* Yes, sir.

*Subt.* And those are your two sides ?

*Drug.* Aye, sir.

*Subt.* Make me your door, then, south ; your broad  
side, west :

And on the east-side of your shop, aloft,  
Write, *Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat* ;  
Upon the north-part, *Rael, Veled, Thiel.* 440  
They are the names of those Mercurial spirits  
That do fright flies from boxes.

*Drug.* Yes, sir.

*Subt.* And

Beneath your threshold, bury me a loadstone  
To draw in gallants that wear spurs : the rest,  
They'll seem to follow.

*Face.* That's a secret, Nab ! 445

*Subt.* And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice  
And a court-fucus to call city-dames.  
You shall deal much with minerals.

*Drug.* Sir, I have  
At home, already—

*Subt.* Aye, I know you have arsenic,  
Vitriol, sal-tartar, argaile, alkali, 450  
Cinoper : I know all. This fellow, captain,  
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,  
And give a 'say (I will not say directly,  
But very fair) at the philosopher's Stone.

*Face.* Why, how now, Abel ! is this true ?

*Drug.* Good captain,  
What must I give ? [Aside to Face.

*Face.* Nay, I'll not counsel thee. 456  
Thou hear'st what wealth (he says, Spend what thou canst)  
Thou'rt like to come to.

*Drug.* I would gi' him a crown.

*Face.* A crown ! and toward such a fortune ? Heart,  
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee ?

*Drug.* Yes, I've a portague, I've kept this half year. 461

*Face.* Out on thee, Nab ! 'Slight, there was such an  
offer—

'Shalt keep 't no longer, I'll give it him for thee.—Doctor,  
Nab prays your worship to drink this, and swears  
He will appear more grateful, as your skill 465  
Does raise him in the world.

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT I

*Drug.* I would entreat  
Another favour of his worship.

*Face.* What is't, Nab ?

*Drug.* But to look over, sir, my almanack,  
And cross out my ill-days, that I may neither  
Bargain, nor trust upon them.

*Face.* That he shall, Nab. 470  
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.

*Subt.* And a direction for his shelves.

*Face.* Now, Nab ?  
Art thou well pleased, Nab ?

*Drug.* 'Thank, sir, both your worships.  
[Exit Druggier.]

*Face.* Away !  
Why now, you smoky persecutor of nature !  
Now do you see, that something's to be done, 475  
Beside your beech-coal, and your corsive waters,  
Your crosslets, crucibles, and cucurbites ?  
You must have stuff, brought home to you, to work on :  
And yet you think I am at no expense  
In searching out these veins, then following them, 480  
Then trying them out. 'Fore God, my intelligence  
Costs me more money, than my share oft comes to  
In these rare works.

*Subt.* You are pleasant, sir.

[Re-enter Dol.]

How now ?

What says my dainty Dolkin !

*Dol.* Yonder fish-wife  
Will not away. And there's your giantess, 485  
The bawd of Lambeth.

*Subt.* Heart, I cannot speak with them.

*Dol.* Not afore night, I have told them, in a voice  
Thorough the trunk, like one of your familiars.  
But I have spied sir Epicure Mammon——

*Subt.* Where?

*Dol.* Coming along, at far end of the lane, 490  
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue,  
To one that's with him.

*Subt.* Face, go you, and shift. [*Exit* Face.  
*Dol.* you must presently make ready, too——

*Dol.* Why, what's the matter?

*Subt.* O, I did look for him  
With the sun's rising : marvel, he could sleep ! 495  
This is the day I am to perfect for him  
The magisterium, our great work, the stone :  
And yield it, made, into his hands : of which  
He has, this month, talked as he were possessed.  
And now he's dealing pieces on 't away. 500  
Methinks I see him ent'ring ordinaries,  
Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses,  
Reaching his dose, walking Moorfields for lepers,  
And offering citizens' wives pomander-bracelets,  
As his preservative, made of the elixir ; 505  
Searching the Spittle, to make old bawds young ;  
And the high-ways, for beggars, to make rich :



## THE ALCHEMIST

ACT I

I see no end of his labours. He will make  
Nature ashamed of her long sleep, when Art,  
Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,  
In her best love to mankind, ever could.  
If his dream last, he'll turn the age to gold.

510

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II

SCENE I—*An outer room in Lovewit's house.*

*Enter Sir Epicure, Mammon and Surly.*

*Mam.* Come on, sir. Now, you set your foot on shore  
In *novi orbe* ; here's the rich Peru !  
And there, within, sir, are the golden mines,  
Great Solomon's Ophir ! He was sailing to 't,  
Three years, but we have reached it in ten months. 5  
This is the day wherein, to all my friends,  
I will pronounce the happy word, Be rich.  
This day you shall be *spectatissimi*.  
You shall no more deal with the hollow die,  
Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping 10  
The livery-punk for the young heir, that must  
Seal, at all hours, in his shirt. No more,  
If he deny, have him beaten to 't, as he is  
That brings him the commodity. No more  
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger 15  
Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak  
To be displayed at madam Augusta's, make  
The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before  
The Golden Calf, and on their knees, whole nights,  
Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets, 20  
Or go a feasting, after drum and ensign.  
No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,  
And have your punks, and punketees, my Surly.

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT II

And unto thee, I speak it first, Be rich.

Where is my Subtle, there ? Within, ho !

*Face.* [*Within.*]

Sir,

25

He'll come to you by-and-by.

*Mam.*

That is his Fire-drake,

His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,

Till he firk nature up, in her own centre.

You are not faithful, sir. This night I'll change

All that is metal in my house to gold.

30

And early in the morning will I send

To all the plumbers, and the pewterers,

And buy their tin, and lead up : and to Lothbury,

For all the copper.

*Sur.*

What, and turn that, too ?

34

*Mam.* Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire, and Cornwall,

And make them perfect Indies ! you admire now ?

*Sur.*

No, faith.

*Mam.* But when you see th' effects of the great  
[medicine !

Of which one part projected on a hundred

Of Mercury, or Venus, or the moon,

Shall turn it to as many of the sun ;

40

Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum* :

You will believe me.

*Sur.*

Yes, when I see 't, I will.

But if my eyes do cozen me so, (and I

Giving them no occasion) sure, I'll have

A whore, shall p-- them out, next day.

*Mam.* Ha ! why ? 45  
Do you think I fable with you ? I assure you  
He that has once the flower of the sun,  
The perfect ruby, which he calls elixir,  
Not only can do that, but, by its virtue  
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life, 50  
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory  
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days  
I'll make an old man, of fourscore, a child.

*Sur.* No doubt—he's that already !

*Mam.* Nay, I mean, 55  
Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,  
To the fifth age ; make him get sons and daughters,  
Young giants ; as our philosophers have done  
(The ancient patriarchs afore the flood)  
But taking, once a week, on a knife's point,  
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it : 60  
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.

*Sur.* The decayed vestals of Pickt-hatch would thank you,  
That keep the fire alive there.

*Mam.* 'Tis the secret 65  
Of nature naturized 'gainst all infections,  
Cures all diseases coming of all causes ;  
A month's grief in a day ; a year's, in twelve :  
And, of what age soever, in a month.  
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors,  
I'll undertake, withal, to fright the plague  
Out o' the kingdom in three months.

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT II

*Sur.* And I'll 70  
Be bound, the players shall sing your praises, then,  
Without their poets.

*Mam.* Sir, I'll do't. Meantime,  
I'll give away so much unto my man,  
Shall serve th' whole city, with preservative,  
Weekly ; each house his dose, and at the rate—— 75

*Sur.* As he, that built the Water-work, does with  
water ?

*Mam.* You are incredulous.

*Sur.* Faith, I have a humour,  
I would not willingly be gulled. Your Stone  
Cannot transmute me.

*Mam.* Pertinax Surly,  
Will you believe antiquity ? records ? 80  
I'll show you a book, where Moses and his sister,  
And Solomon have written of the art ;  
Aye, and a treatise penned by Adam.

*Sur.* How !

*Mam.* O' the philosopher's Stone, and in High  
Dutch ? 84

*Sur.* Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch ?

*Mam.* He did :  
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.

*Sur.* What paper ?

*Mam.* On cedar board.

*Sur.* O that, indeed, (they say)  
Will last 'gainst worms.

*Mam.* 'Tis like your Irish wood,  
 'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece, too,  
 Which was no other than a book of alchemy, 90  
 Writ in large sheepskin, a good fat ram-vellum.  
 Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub ;  
 And 'all that fable of Medea's charms,  
 The manner of our work : the bulls, our furnace,  
 Still breathing fire : our argent-vive, the dragon : 95  
 The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate,  
 That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting ;  
 And they are gathered into Jason's helm,  
 (The alembic), and then sowed in Mars his field,  
 And thence sublimed so often, till they're fixed. 100  
 Both this, th' Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,  
 Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,  
 Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,  
 All abstract riddles of our stone. How now ?

[*Enter Face, as a Servant.*

Do we succeed ? Is our day come ? and holds it ? 105

*Face.* The evening will set red upon you, sir ;  
 You have colour for it, crimson : the red ferment  
 Has done his office, three hours hence prepare you  
 To see projection.

*Mam.* Pertinax, my Surly,  
 Again I say to thee, aloud, Be rich. 110  
 This day, thou shalt have ingots : and, tomorrow,  
 Give lords th' affront. Is it, my Zephyrus, right ?  
 .Blushes the bolt's-head ?

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT II

*Face.* Like a wench with child, sir,  
That were, but now, discovered to her master.

*Mam.* Excellent witty Lungs ! my only care is, 115  
Where to get stuff enough now, to project on ;  
'This town will not half serve me.

*Face.* No, sir ? Buy  
The covering off o' churches.

*Mam.* That's true.

*Face.* Yes.  
Let them stand bare, as do their auditory ;  
Or cap them, new, with shingles.

*Mam.* No, good thatch : 120  
Thatch will lie light upon the rafters, Lungs.  
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace ;  
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puff,  
Lost in the embers ; and repair this brain,  
Hurt with the fume o' the metals.

*Face.* I have blown, sir, 125  
Hard for your worship ; thrown by many a coal,  
When 'twas not beech ; weighed those I put in, just,  
'To keep your heat still even ; these bleared eyes  
Have waked to read your several colours, sir,  
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow, 130  
'The peacock's tail, the plumèd swan.

*Mam.* And, lastly,  
'Thou hast descried the flower, the *Sanguis Agni* ?

*Face.* Yes, sir.

*Mam.* Where's master ?

*Face.* At [his] prayers, sir ; he,  
Good man, he's doing his devotions  
For the success.

*Mam.* Lungs, I will set a period 135  
To all thy labours : thou shalt be the master  
Of my seraglio.

*Face.* Good, sir.

*Mam.* But, do you hear ?  
I'll geld you, Lungs.

*Face.* Yes, sir.

*Mam.* For I do mean  
To have a list of wives and concubines,  
Equal with Solomon, who had the stone 140  
Alike with me : and I'll make me a back  
With the elixir, that shall be as tough  
As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.  
Thou 'rt sure thou saw'st it blood ?

*Face.* Both blood and spirit, sir.

*Mam.* I will have all my beds blown up, not stuffed :  
Down is too hard. And then, mine oval room 146  
Filled with such pictures as Tiberius took  
From Elephantis, and dull Aretine  
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses  
Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse 150  
And multiply the figures, as I walk  
Naked between my *succubæ*. My mists  
I'll have of perfume, vapoured 'bout the room,  
'To lose ourselves in ; and my baths, like pits,



To fall into : from whence we will come forth 155  
And roll us dry in gossamer and roses.  
(Is it arrived at ruby ?) —Where I spy  
A wealthy citizen, or rich lawyer,  
I have a sublimed pure wife, unto that fellow  
I'll send a thousand pound to be my cuckold. 160

*Face.* And I shall carry it ?

*Mam.* No. I'll have no bawds  
But fathers and mothers. [They will do it best,  
Best of all others.] And my flatterers  
Shall be the best and gravest of divines  
That I can get for money. My mere Fools, 165  
Eloquent burgesses ; and then my poets,  
The same that writ so subtly of the f— —,  
Whom I will entertain still for that subject.  
The few that would give out themselves to be  
Court and town-stallions, and, each-where, bely 170  
Ladies, who are known most innocent, for them ;  
Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of :  
And they shall fan me with ten estrich-tails  
Apiece, made in a plume to gather wind.  
We will be brave, Puff, now we have the med'cine. 175  
My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,  
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded  
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths and rubies.  
The tongues of carps, dormice and camels' heels,  
Boiled i' the spirit of Sol, and dissolved pearl, 180  
(Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsy)

And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,  
 Headed with diamond and carbuncle.  
 My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calvered salmons,  
 Knots, godwits, lampreys : I myself will have 185  
 The beards of barbels served instead of salads ;  
 Oiled mushrooms ; and the swelling unctuous paps  
 Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,  
 Dressed with an exquisite and poignant sauce ;  
 For which I'll say unto my cook, " There's gold, 190  
 Go forth and be a knight."

*Face.* Sir, I'll go look,  
 A little, how it heightens. [Exit.

*Mam.* Do. My shirts  
 I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light  
 As cobwebs ; and, for all my other raiment,  
 It shall be such as might provoke the Persian, 195  
 Were he to teach the world riot anew ;  
 My gloves, of fishes and bird-skins, perfumed  
 With gums of Paradise, and Eastern air——

*Sur.* And do you think to have the Stone with this ?

*Mam.* No, I do think t' have all this, with the Stone.

*Sur.* Why, I have heard he must be *homo frugi*, 201  
 A pious, holy, and religious man,  
 \*One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

*Mam.* That makes it, sir ; he is so. But I buy it.  
 My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch, 205  
 A notable, superstitious, good soul,  
 ' Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT II

With prayer and fasting for it : and, sir, let him  
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes. 209  
Not a profane word, afore him : 'tis poison. [*Enter Subtle.*

*Mam.* Good morrow, father.

*Subt.* Gentle son, good morrow.

And to your friend there. What is he, is with you ?

*Mam.* An heretic that I did bring along,  
In hope, sir, to convert him.

*Subt.* Son, I doubt

You're covetous, that thus you meet your time 215  
In the just point - prevent your day at morning ;  
This argues something worthy of a fear  
Of importune and carnal appetite.

'Take heed you do not cause the blessing leave you,  
With your ungoverned haste. I should be sorry 220

To see my labours, now e'en at perfection,  
Got by long watching and large patience,  
Not prosper where my love and zeal hath placed them.  
Which (Heaven I call to witness, with yourself,  
To whom I have poured my thoughts) in all my ends, 225  
I have looked no way but unto public good,

To pious uses and dear charity,  
Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein  
If you, my son, should now prevaricate,  
And to your own particular lusts employ 230  
So great and catholic a bliss, be sure  
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake  
Your subtle and most secret ways.

*Mam.* I know, sir,  
 You shall not need to fear me. I but come  
 To have you confute this gentleman.

*Sur.* Who is, 235  
 Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief  
 Toward your Stone—would not be gulled.

*Subt.* Well, son,  
 All that I can convince him in, is this,  
 The work is done, bright Sol is in his robe.  
 We have a med'cine of the triple soul, 240  
 'The glorified spirit. 'Thanks be to heaven,  
 And make us worthy of it.—Ulen Spiegel !

*Face.* Anon, sir.

*Subt.* Look well to the register,  
 And let your heat still lessen by degrees,  
 To the aludels.

*Face.* Yes, sir.

*Subt.* Did you look 245  
 O' the bolt's-head yet ?

*Face.* Which ? On D, sir ?

*Subt.* Aye.  
 What's the complexion ?

*Face.* Whitish.

*Subt.* Infuse vinegar,  
 To draw his volatile substance and his tincture.  
 And let the water in glass E be filtered,  
 And put into the gripe's-egg. Lute him well : 250  
 And leave him closed *in balneo*.

*Face.* I will, sir.

*Sur.* What a brave language here is, next to canting !

*Subt.* I have another work you never saw, son,  
That three days since passed the philosopher's wheel,  
In the lent heat of Athanor ; and's become 255  
Sulphur of Nature.

*Mam.* But 'tis for me ?

*Subt.* What need you ?  
You have enough in that is perfect.

*Mam.* O but——

*Subt.* Why, this is covetise !

*Mam.* No, I assure you,  
I shall employ it all in pious uses,  
Founding of colleges and grammar schools, 260  
Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,  
And now and then, a church.

*Subt.* How now ?

*Face.* Sir, please you,  
Shall I not change the filter ?

*Subt.* Marry, yes ;  
And bring me the complexion of glass B.

*Mam.* Have you another ?

*Subt.* Yes, son, were I assured 265  
Your piety were firm, we would not want  
The means to glorify it. But I hope the best.  
I mean to tinct C in sand-heat to-morrow,  
And give him imbibition.

*Mam.* Of white oil ?

*Subt.* No, sir, of red. F is come o'er the helm too. 270  
I thank my maker, in St. Mary's bath,  
And shews *lac virginis*. Blessed be heaven.  
I sent you of his fæces there calcined.  
Out of that calx, I've won the salt of mercury.

*Mam.* By pouring on your rectified water? 275

*Subt.* Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.

*Re-enter Face.*

How now? what colour says it?

*Face.* The ground black, sir.

*Mam.* That is your crow's head?

*Sur.* (Your cocks-comb's, is it not?)

*Subt.* No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the crow!  
That work wants something.

*Sur.* (O, I looked for this. 280  
The hay's a-pitching.)

*Subt.* Are you sure you loosed them  
In their own menstree?

*Face.* Yes, sir, and then married them,  
And put them in a bolt's-head nipped to digestion,  
According as you bade me, when I set  
The liquor of Mars to circulation 285  
In the same heat.

*Subt.* The process then was right.

*Face.* Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake,  
And what was saved was put into the pelican,  
And signed with Hermes' seal.

*Subt.* I think 'twas so.

We should have a new amalgama.

*Sur.* (O, this ferret 295

Is rank as any pole-cat !)

*Subt.* But I care not.

Let him e'en die ; we have enough beside,

In embryo. H has his white shirt on ?

*Face.* Yes, sir,

He's ripe for inceration : he stands warm

In his ash-fire. I would not you should let 300

Any die now, if I might counsel, sir,

For luck's sake to the rest. It is not good.

*Mam.* He says right.

*Sur.* (Aye, are you bolted ?)

*Face.* Nay, I know't, sir,

I have seen th' ill fortune. What is some three ounces

Of fresh materials ?

*Mam.* Is it no more ?

*Face.* No more, sir, 305

Of gold t' amalgam with some six of mercury.

*Mam.* Away, here's money. What will serve ?

*Face.* Ask him, sir.

*Mam.* How much ?

*Subt.* Give him nine pound : you may give him ten .

*Sur.* Yes, twenty, and be cozened, do.

*Mam.* There 'tis. [*Gives Face money.*

*Subt.* This needs not. But that you will have it so, 310  
To see conclusions of all. For two

Of our inferior works are at fixation,  
A third is in ascension. Go your ways.  
Have you set the oil of luna *in kemia* ?

*Face.* Yes, sir. 314

*Subt.* And the philosopher's vinegar ?

*Face.* Aye. [*Exit.*

*Sur.* We shall have a salad.

*Mam.* When do you make projection ?

*Subt.* Son, be not hasty, I exalt our med'cine,  
By hanging him *in balneo vaporoso*,  
And giving him solution ; then congeal him ;  
And then dissolve him, then again congeal him : 320  
For look, how oft I iterate the work,  
So many times I add unto his virtue.  
As, if at first one ounce convert a hundred ;  
After his second loose, he'll turn a thousand ;  
His third solution, ten ; his, fourth, a hundred. 325  
After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces  
Of any imperfect metal, into pure  
Silver or gold, in all examinations,  
As good as any of the natural mine.  
Get you your stuff here against afternoon, 330  
Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.

▲ *Mam.* Not those of iron ?

*Subt.* Yes, you may bring them too.

We'll change all metals.

*Sur.* I believe you in that.

*Mam.* Then I may send my spits ?



# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT II

*Subt.* Yes, and your racks. 334

*Sur.* And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, and hooks ?  
Shall he not ?

*Subt.* If he please.

*Sur.* —To be an ass.

*Subt.* How, sir !

*Mam.* 'This gentleman you must bear withal ;  
I told you he had no faith.

*Sur.* And as little hope, sir ;  
But much less charity, should I gull myself.

*Subt.* Why, what have you observed, sir, in our art, 340  
Seems so impossible ?

*Sur.* But your whole work, no more.  
That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,  
As they do eggs in Egypt !

*Subt.* Sir, do you  
Believe that eggs are hatched so ?

*Sur.* If I should ?

*Subt.* Why, I think that the greater miracle. 345  
No egg but differs from a chicken more  
Than metals in themselves.

*Sur.* That cannot be.  
The egg's ordained by nature to that end,  
And is a chicken *in potentia*.

*Subt.* The same we say of lead, and other metals, 350  
Which would be gold, if they had time.

*Mam.* And that  
Our art doth further.

*Subt.* Aye, for 'twere absurd  
To think that nature in the earth bred gold  
Perfect i' the instant. Something went before.  
'There must be remote matter.

*Sur.* Aye, what's that? 355

*Subt.* Marry, we say . . .

*Mam.* Aye, now it heats : stand, father,  
Pound him to dust——

*Subt.* It is, of the one part,  
A humid exhalation, which we call  
*Materia liquida*, or the unctuous water ;  
On the other part, a certain crass and viscous 360  
Portion of earth ; both which, concorporate,  
Do make the elementary matter of gold ;  
Which is not yet *propria materia*,  
But common to all metals and all stones,  
For where it is forsaken of that moisture 365  
And hath more dryness, it becomes a stone.  
Where it retains more of the humid fatness,  
It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver,  
Who are the parents of all other metals.  
Nor can this remote matter suddenly 370  
Progress so from extreme unto extreme,  
But to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means.  
Nature doth first beget th' imperfect, then  
Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy  
And oily water mercury is engendered ; 375  
Sulphur o' the fat and earthy part ; the one

(Which is the last) supplying the place of male,  
The other of the female in all metals.

Some do believe hermaphrodeity,  
That both do act and suffer. But these two 380  
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.  
And even in gold they are ; for we do find  
Seeds of them by our fire, and gold in them ;  
And can produce the species of each metal  
More perfect thence, than nature doth in earth. 385  
Beside, who doth not see in daily practice,  
Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, wasps,  
Out of the carcasses and dung of creatures ;  
Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly placed ?  
And these are living creatures, far more perfect 390  
And excellent than metal.

*Mam.* Well said, father !

Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,  
He'll bray you in a mortar.

*Sur.* Pray you, sir, stay.

Rather than I'll be brayed, sir, I'll believe  
That Alchemy is a pretty kind of game, 395  
Somewhat like tricks o' the cards, to cheat a man  
With charming.

*Subt.* Sir ?

*Sur.* What else are all your terms,  
Whereon no one o' your writers 'grees with other ?  
Of your elixir, your *lac virginis*,  
Your Stone, your medicine, and your chrysosperm, 400

Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury,  
Your oil of height, your tree of life, your blood,  
Your marchesite, your tutie, your magnesia,  
Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther,  
Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop, 405  
Your Lato, Azoch, Zernich, Chibrit, Heautarit,  
And then your red man, and your white woman,  
With all your broths, your menstrues, and materials  
Of piss, and eggshells, women's terms, man's blood,  
Hair o' the head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds, and clay, 410  
Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glass,  
And worlds of other strange ingredients,  
Would burst a man to name ?

*Subt.* And all these named,  
Intending but one thing ; which art our writers  
Used to obscure their art.

*Mam.* Sir, so I told him, 415  
Because the simple idiot should not learn it,  
And make it vulgar.

*Subt.* Was not all the knowledge  
Of the Egyptians writ in mystic symbols ?  
Speak not the Scriptures oft in parables ?  
Are not the choicest fables of the poets, 420  
at were the fountains and first springs of wisdom,  
Wrapped in perplexed allegories ?

*Mam.* I urged that,  
And cleared to him that Sisyphus was damned  
To roll the ceaseless stone, only because

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT II

He would have made ours common. Who is this? 425

[Dol is seen.]

*Subt.* God's precious—What do you mean? Go in,

[good lady,

Let me entreat you. [*Exit Dol.*] Where's this varlet?

*Re-enter Face.*

*Face.* Sir?

*Subt.* You very knave! Do you use me thus?

*Face.* Wherein, sir?

*Subt.* Go in, and see, you traitor. Go!

*Mam.* Who is 't, sir?

*Subt.* Nothing, sir; nothing.

*Mam.* What is the matter, good sir?

I have not seen you thus distempered? who is 't? 431

*Subt.* All arts have still had, sir, their adversaries;

But ours the most ignorant. What now?

*Face returns.*

*Face.* 'Twas not my fault, sir; she would speak  
[with you.]

*Subt.* Would she, sir? Follow me. [*Exit.*

*Mam.* Stay, Lungs.

*Face.* I dare not, sir.

*Mam.* Stay, man, what is she?

*Face.* A lord's sister, sir. 4.

*Mam.* How! Pray thee, stay.

*Face.* She's mad, sir, and sent hither—  
He'll be mad too ———

*Mam.* I warrant thee.—Why sent hither?

*Face.* Sir, to be cured.

*Subt.* Why, rascal !

*Face.* Lo you ! Here, sir !  
[*He goes out.*]

*Mist.* Have you God, a Bradamante, a brave piece. 440

*Subt.* Heart, this is a bawdy-house ! I'll be burnt else.

*Scap.* O, by this light, no. Do not wrong him. He's  
Too scrupulous that way. It is his vice.

No, he's a rare physician, do him right,  
An excellent Paracelsian, and has done 445

Strange cures with mineral physic. He deals all  
With spirits, he. He will not hear a word  
Of Galen, or his tedious recipe's. [*Enter Face again.*]

How now, Lungs ?

*Face.* Softly, sir, speak softly. I meant  
To have told your worship all. 'This must not hear. 450

*Mam.* No, he will not be "gulled" : let him alone.

*Face.* You're very right, sir, she's a most rare scholar,  
And is gone mad with studying Broughton's works.  
If you but name a word touching the Hebrew,  
She falls into her fit, and will discourse 455

So learnedly of genealogies,  
As you would run mad too, to hear her, sir.

*Mam.* How might one do t'have conference with her,  
[Lungs ?]

*Face.* O, divers have run mad upon the conference.  
I do not know, sir : I am sent in haste, 460  
To fetch a vial.

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT II

*Sur.* Be not gulled, sir Mammon.

*Mam.* Wherein? Pray ye, be patient.

*Sur.* Yes, as you are,  
And trust confederate knaves, and bawds, and whores.

*Mam.* You are too foul, believe it. Come hiet? n,  
One word.

*Face.* I dare not, in good faith.

*Mam.* Stay, knave. 465

*Face.* He's extreme angry that you saw her, sir.

*Mam.* Drink that. What is she when she's out of  
[her fit?

*Face.* O, the most affablest creature, sir! so merry!  
So pleasant! she'll mount you up, like quick-silver,  
Over the helm; and circulate, like oil, 470  
A very vegetal: discourse of state,  
Of mathematics, bawdry, any thing——

*Mam.* Is she no way accessible? No means—  
No trick to give a man a taste of her—wit—  
Or so?

*Subt.* [within] Ulen!

*Face.* I'll come to you again, sir. [Exit. 476

*Mam.* Surly, I did not think one of your breeding  
Would traduce personages of worth.

*Sur.* Sir Epicure,  
Your friend to use: yet still loth to be gulled,  
I do not like your philosophical bawds.  
Their Stone is lechery enough to pay for, 480  
Without this bait.

*Mam.* 'Heart, you abuse yourself.  
I know the lady, and her friends, and means,  
The origin of this disaster. Her brother  
H<sup>is</sup> ~~and~~ all.

*Trib.* And yet you never saw her  
T<sup>he</sup> ~~and~~ *Trib.*

*Sur.* O yes, but I forgot. I have (believe it) 485  
One o' the treacherousest memories, I do think,  
Of all mankind.

*Sur.* What call you her brother?

*Mam.* My lord——  
He will not have his name known, now I think on't.

*Sur.* A very treacherous memory!

*Mam.* On my faith——

*Sur.* Tut, if you have it not about you, pass it 490  
Till we meet next.

*Mam.* Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.  
He's one I honour, and my noble friend,  
And I respect his house.

*Sur.* Heart! can it be,  
That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need,  
A wise sir too (at other times) should thus 495  
With his own oaths, and arguments, make hard means  
To gull himself? An this be your elixir,  
Your *lapis mineralis*, and your lunary,  
Give me your honest trick yet at primero  
Or gleek; and take your *lutum sapientis*, 500  
Your *menstruum simplex*: I'll have gold before you,



And with less danger of the quicksilver,  
Or the hot sulphur.

[*Re-enters Face.*

*Face.* Here's one from captain Face, Sir, [*1<sup>a</sup>. Surly*  
Desires you to meet him in the Temple-church  
Some half-hour hence, and upon earnest business? 11

[*He whispers*

Sir, if you please to quit us, now ; and come  
Again within two hours, you shall have 105  
My master busy examining o' the works ;  
And I will steal you in unto the party,  
That you may see her converse. Sir, shall I say 31  
You'll meet the captain's worship ?

*Sur.*

Sir, I will—

But by attorney, and to a second purpose.

Now I am sure it is a bawdy-house ;

I'll swear it, were the marshall here to thank me :

The naming this commander doth confirm it.

515

Don Face ! why, he's the most authentic dealer

In these commodities—the superintendent

To all the quaint traffickers in town.

He is the visitor, and does appoint,

Who lies with whom, and at what hour ; what price ; 520

Which gown and in what smock ; what fall ; what tire.

Him will I prove, by a third person, to find

The subtleties of this dark labyrinth :

Which if I do discover, dear Sir Mammon,

You'll give your poor friend leave (tho' not philosopher) 525

To laugh : for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep.

*Face.* Sir, he does pray you'll not forget.

*Sur.* I'll not, sir.

Sir F. cure. I shall leave you.

*Tri.* I follow you, straight.

*Tri.* I do so, good sir, to avoid suspicion,

*Tri.* a man has a parlous head.

*Se.* But wilt thou, (Ulen,) 530

It feant to thy promise?

*Face.* As my life, sir.

*Mam.* And wilt thou insinuate what I am? and

*A.* [praise me?

And say I'm a noble fellow?

*Face.* O, what else, sir?

And that you'll make her royal with the stone,

An empress; and yourself king of Bantam. 535

*Mam.* Wilt thou do this?

*Face.* Will I, sir?

*Mam.* Lungs, my Lungs!

I love thee.

*Face.* Send your stuff, sir, that my master  
May busy himself about projection.

*Mam.* Thou'st witched me, rogue: take, go.

*Face.* Your jack, and all, sir.

*Mam.* Thou art a villain—I will send my jack, 540

And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine ear.

Away, thou dost not care for me.

*Face.* Not I, sir!

*Mam.* Come, I was born to make thee, my good weasel,

Set thee on a bench, and have thee twirl a chain  
With the best lord's vermin of them all.

*Face.*

Away, sir,

a. 545

*Mam.* A Count, nay, a Count Palatine——

*Face.*

God set?

n,

*Mam.* —Shall not advance thee better: no, n

on.

*Re-enter Subtle and Dol*

. 105

*Subt.* Has he bit? has he bit?

*Face.*

And swallowed too, my Subtle:

I've given him line, and now he plays, i' faith.

9r?

*Subt.* And we shall twitch him?

*Face.*

Thorough both the gills.

A wench is a rare bait, with which a man

551

No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad.

*Subt.* Dol, my lord What's'hum's sister, you must now  
Bear yourself *statelich*.

*Dol.*

O let me alone.

I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.

555

I'll keep my distance, laugh and talk aloud;

Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady,

And be as rude as her woman.

*Face.*

Well said, Sanguine.

*Subt.* But will he send his andirons?

*Face.*

His jack too;

And's iron shoeing-horn: I've spoke to him.

560

Well, I must not lose my wary gamester, yonder.

*Subt.* O, monsieur Caution, that "will not be gulled."

*Face.* Aye, if I can strike a fine hook into him now—  
The Temple-church, there I have cast mine angle!

Well pray for me. I'll about it. [*One knocks.*]

*What, more gudgeons! 565*

*Tribe* have out; stay, Face, you must go to the door,

*Subt.* may be my anabaptist. Who is't, Dol?

*Sol.* I know him not. He looks like a gold-end man.

*Fit* for Godso! 'tis he, he said he would send—what call  
[you him?] 570

The sanctified elder, that should deal

*And* a woman's jack and andirons! Let him in.

Stay, help me off, first, with my gown. [*Exit Face.*]

Away,

Madam, to your withdrawing chamber. Now,

In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.

This fellow is sent from one negotiates with me 575

About the stone too; for the holy brethren

Of Amsterdam, the exiled saints: that hope

To raise their discipline by it. I must use him

In some strange fashion, now, to make him admire me.

*Enter Face and Ananias*

*Subt.* Where is my drudge?

*Sol.* Sir.

*Subt.* Take away the recipient,

And rectify your menstrue from the phlegma. 581

Then pour it on the Sol, in the cucurbite,

And let them macerate together.

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT II

*Face.*

Yes sir.

And save the ground?

*Subt.*

No. *Terra aamnata*

Must not have entrance in the work. Who are these?

*Anan.* A faithful brother, if it please you. Let?

*Subt.*

What

A Lullianist? a Ripley? *Filius artis?*

Can you sublime and dulcify? calcine?

Know you the sapor pontic? sapor stiptic?

Or what is homogeneous, or heterogeneous?

⁂

*Anan.* I understand no heathen language, truly.

*Subt.* Heathen, you Knipperdoling! Is *Ars Sacra*,

Or *chrysopœia*, or *spagyrica*,

Or the *pamphysic* or *panarchic* knowledge

A heathen language?

*Anan.* Heathen Greek, I take it.

595

*Subt.* How heathen Greek?

*Anan.* All's heathen but the Hebrew.

*Subt.* Sirrah my varlet, stand you forth, and speak  
[to him

Like a philosopher: answer in the language,

Name the vexations, and the martyrizations

Of metals in the work.

*Face.*

Sir, putrefaction,

600

Solution, ablution, sublimation,

Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and

Fixation.

*Subt.* This is heathen Greek to you, now?  
And whence comes vivification?

*Face.* After mortification.

*Subt.* What's cohobation?

*Face.* 'Tis the pouring on 605

*Subt.* & *regis*, and then drawing him off  
Scall the trine circle of the seven spheres.

*Face.* What's the proper passion of metals?

*Face.* Malleation.

*Subt.* What's your *ultimum supplicium auri*?

*Face.* Antimonium.

*Subt.* That's heathen Greek to you? and what's your  
[mercury?]

*Face.* A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir. 611

*Subt.* How know you him?

*Face.* By his viscosity,

His oleosity, and his suscitability.

*Subt.* How do you sublime him?

*Face.* With the calce of eggshells,

White marble, talc.

*Subt.* Your magisterium, now? 615

What's that?

*Face.* Shifting, sir, your elements,

Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot,

Hot into dry.

*Subt.* This 's heathen Greek to you still?

Your *Lapis philosophicus*?

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT II

*Face.* 'Tis a Stone, and not  
A stone ; a spirit, a soul, and a body : 620  
Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolved ;  
If you coagulate, it is coagulated ;  
If you make it to fly, it flieth——

*Subt.* Enough.  
This 's heathen Greek to you ? What are you, sir ?  
*Anan.* 'Please you, a servant of the exiled brethren . 10  
That deal with widows', and with orphans' goods .  
And make a just account unto the saints :  
A deacon. 5†

*Subt.* O, you are sent from master Wholesome,  
Your teacher ?  
*Anan.* From Tribulation Wholesome,  
Our very zealous pastor.

*Subt.* Good. I have 630  
Some orphans' goods to come here.

*Anan.* Of what kind, sir ?

*Subt.* Pewter and brass, andirons and kitchen-ware --  
Metals that we must use our med'cine on :  
Wherein the brethren may have a penny-worth,  
For ready money.

*Anan.* Were the orphans' parents 635  
Sincere professors ?

*Subt.* Why do you ask ?

*Anan.* Because  
We then are to deal justly, and give in truth  
Their utmost value.

*Subt.* 'Slid, you'd cozen else !  
 And if their parents were not of the faithful ?  
 I will not trust you, now I think on it, 640  
 I have talked with your pastor. Have you brought  
*Trif.* Never [money

*Subt.* More coals ?

*Scallat.* No, surely.

*Trif.* No ! how so ?

*Anan.* The brethren bid me say unto you, sir,  
 Surely they will not venture any more,  
 And they may see projection.

*Subt.* How !

*Anan.* You have had 645  
 For the instruments, as bricks, and loam, and glasses,  
 Already thirty pound ; and for materials,  
 They say, some ninety more : and they have heard since  
 That one, at Heidelberg, made it of an egg,  
 And a small paper of pin-dust.

*Subt.* What's your name ? 650

*Anan.* My name is Ananias.

*Subt.* Out, the varlet  
 That cozened the apostles ! Hence, away,  
 Flee mischief ! Had your holy consistory  
 Name to send me, of another sound,  
 Than wicked Ananias ? Send your elders 655  
 Hither to make atonement for you, quickly,  
 And give me satisfaction ; or out goes  
 The fire ; and down th' alembics and the furnace.



# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT II

*Piger Henricus*, or what not! Thou wretch,  
Both scericon and bufo shall be lost : 560  
Tell them. All hope of rooting out the bishops,  
Or th' antichristian hierarchy shall perish,  
If they stay threescore minutes. The aquecity,  
Terreity, and sulphureity  
Shall run together again, and all be annulled,  
Thou wicked Ananias. [*Exit Ananias*] This will

And make them haste towards their gulling more.  
A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright  
Those that are froward to an appetite.

*Re-enter Face and Druggier*

*Face.* He's busy with his spirits, but we'll upon him.

*Subt.* How now! what mates? what Bayards have  
[we here?

*Face.* I told you he'd be furious. Sir, here's Nab  
Has brought you another piece of gold to look on :  
(We must appease him. Give it me): and prays you,  
You would devise—what is it, Nab?

*Drug.* A sign, sir. 675

*Face.* Aye, a good lucky one, a thriving sign, doctè

*Subt.* I was devising now.

*Face.* ('Slight, do not say so,  
He will repent he gave you any more)—  
What say you to his constellation, doctor?  
The Balance?

*Subt.* No, that way is stale and common. 680  
 A townsman born in Taurus gives the bull;  
 Of the bull's-head : in Aries, the ram—  
*Quintus.* No, I will have his name  
*Trithemius* have some mystic character ; whose *radix*,  
 subtruseth the senses of the passers-by, 685  
 Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,  
 That may result upon the party owns it :  
*As you like it.*

*Face.* Nab !

*As you like it.* He shall have a *bel*, that's *ABEL* ;  
 And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*,  
 In a *rug* gown ; there's *D*, and *RUG*, that's *DRUG* ! 690  
 And right anent him a dog snarling *er* ;  
 There's *DRUGGER*, Abel Drugger. That's his sign !  
 And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic.

*Face.* Abel, thou 'rt made.

*Drug.* Sir, I do thank his worship.

*Face.* Six o' thy legs more will not do it, Nab. 695  
 He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, doctor.

*Drug.* Yes, sir :

I have another thing I would impart——

*Face.* Out with it, Nab.

*Drug.* Sir, there is lodged, hard by me,  
 A rich young widow——

*Face.* Good ! a bona roba ?

*Drug.* But nineteen at the most.

*Face.* Very good, Abel. 700

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT II

*Drug.* Marry, she 's not in fashion yet; she wears  
A hood, but it stands a cop.

*Face.* No matter, Abel.

*Drug.* And I do now and then give her a fucus —

*Face.* What! dost thou deal, Nab?

*Subt.* I did tell you, captain.

*Drug.* And physic too, sometime, sir: for which

[trumpet sound]

With all her mind. She's come up here of purpose  
To learn the fashion. 706

*Face.* Good! his match too! On, Nab.

*Drug.* And she does strangely long to know her  
[fortune.

*Face.* Gods-lid, Nab! Send her to the doctor hither.

*Drug.* Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship  
[already:

But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,  
And hurt her marriage. 711

*Face.* Hurt it? 'tis the way

To heal it, if 'twere hurt—to make it more  
Follow'd and sought. Nab, thou shalt tell her this  
She'll be more known, more talked of; and your widows  
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;  
Their honour is their multitude of suitors:  
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What!  
Thou dost not know. 716

*Drug.* No, sir, she'll never marry  
Under a knight. Her brother has made a vow. 720

*Face.* What, and dost thou despair, my little Nab,  
Knowing what the doctor has set down for thee,  
Art seeing so many of the city dubbed?

*Trin.* A glass o' thy water, with a madam I know, 724

*Trin.* Have it done, Nab. What's her brother? a knight?

*Drug.* No, sir, a gentleman newly warm in his land, sir,  
Scarce cold in his one-and-twenty, that does govern  
The sister here; and is a man himself

*Trin.* Three thousand a year, and is come up  
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits, 730  
And will go down again, and die i' the country.

*Face.* How! to quarrel?

*Drug.* Yes, sir, to carry quarrels,  
As gallants do, to manage them by line.

*Face.* 'Slid, Nab! the doctor is the only man  
In Christendom for him. He has made a table, 735  
With mathematical demonstrations,

Touching the art of quarrels. He will give him  
An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring them both,  
Him and his sister. And for thee with her  
The doctor happ'ly may persuade. Go to. 740  
'Shal't give his worship a new damask suit  
Upon the premisses.

*Subt.* O, good captain!

*Face.* He shall;  
He is the honestest fellow, doctor. Stay not,  
No offers, bring the damask, and the parties.

*Drug.* I'll try my power, sir.

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT II

*Face.* And thy will too, Nab. 745

*Subt.* 'Tis good tobacco, this! what is 't an ounce?

*Face.* He'll send you a pound, doctor.

*Subt.* O, no!

*Face.* He will, u,

It is the gooddest soul. Abel, about it;

Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone. [*Exit Abel.*

A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese, 750

And has the worms. That was the cause indeed

Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,

To get a med'cine for them.

*Subt.* And shall, sir. This works.

*Face.* A wife, a wife for one o' us, my dear Subtle:  
We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails shall have 755  
The more in goods, the other has in tail.

*Subt.* Rather the less. For she may be so light  
She may want grains.

*Face.* Aye, or be such a burden,  
A man would scarce endure her for the whole. 759

*Subt.* Faith, best let's see her first, and then determine.

*Face.* Content. But Dol must have no breath on't.

*Subt.* Mum.

Away you to your Surly yonder, catch him.

*Face.* 'Pray God I have not stayed too long.

*Subt.* I fear it. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III

### SCENE I

Tribulation, Ananias.

*Trib.* These chastisements are common to the saints,  
And such rebukes we of the separation  
Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials  
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

*Anan.* In pure zeal,  
I do not like the man, he is a heathen, 5  
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

*Trib.* I think him a profane person indeed.

*Anan.* He bears  
The visible mark of the beast in his fore-head.  
And for his Stone, it is a work of darkness,  
And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man. 10

*Trib.* Good brother, we must bend unto all means  
That may give furtherance to the holy cause.

*Anan.* Which his cannot: the sanctified cause  
Should have a sanctified course.

*Trib.* Not always necessary :  
The children of perdition are oft-times 15  
Made instruments even of the greatest works.  
Beside, we should give somewhat to man's nature,  
The place he lives in, still about the fire  
And fume of metals that intoxicate  
The brain of man, and make him prone to passion. 20  
Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?

Or more profane, or choleric, than your glassmen?  
More antichristian than your bell-founders?  
What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,  
Satan, our common enemy, but his being 25  
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling  
Brimstone and arsenic? We must give, I say,  
Unto the motives and the stirrers up  
Of humours in the blood. It may be so,  
Whenas the work is done, the Stone is made 30  
This heat of his may turn into a zeal,  
And stand up for the beauteous discipline,  
Against the menstruous cloth, and rag of Rome.  
We must await his calling, and the coming  
Of the good spirit. You did fault, t' upbraid him 35  
With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg, weighing  
What need we have to hasten on the work,  
For the restoring of the silenced saints,  
Which ne'er will be, but by the philosopher's stone.  
And so a learned elder, one of Scotland, 40  
Assured me; *aurum potable* being  
The only med'cine for the civil magistrate,  
T' incline him to a feeling of the cause;  
And must be daily used in the disease.  
*Anan.* I have not edified more, truly, by man; 45  
Not since the beautiful light first shone on me:  
And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.

*Trib.* Let us call on him then.

*Anan.* The motion's good,

And of the spirit ; I'll knock first. [*Knocks.*] Peace be within.  
[*They enter.*]

SCENE II—*A room in Lovewit's house.*

*Enter* Subtle, Tribulation, Ananias.

*Subt.* O, are you come? 'twas time. Your threescore  
Were at last thread, you see ; and down had gone [minutes  
*Furnus accediae, turris circulatorius :* 52

Lembic, bonas ! egg, retort, and pelican  
Had all been cinders. Wicked Ananias !  
Art thou returned? Nay, then it goes down yet. 55

*Trib.* Sir, be appeased ; he is come to humble  
Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,  
If too much zeal hath carried him aside  
From the due path.

*Subt.* Why, this doth qualify !

*Trib.* The brethren had no purpose, verily, 60  
To give you the least grievance : but are ready  
To lend their willing hands to any project  
The spirit and you direct.

*Subt.* This qualifies more !

*Trib.* And for the orphans' goods, let them be valued,  
Or what is needful else to the holy work, 65  
It shall be numbered : here, by me, the Saints  
Throw down their purse before you.

*Subt.* This qualifies most !  
Why, thus it should be, now you understand.  
Have I discoursed so unto you of our Stone,



And of the good that it shall bring your cause? 70  
Showed you (beside the main of hiring forces  
Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,  
From th' Indies to serve you, with all their fleet)  
That e'en the med'cinal use shall make you a faction  
And party in the realm? As, (put the case,) 75  
That some great man, in state he have the gout,  
Why, you but send three drops of your elixir,  
You help him straight: there—you have ~~made~~ a friend.  
Another has the palsy, or the dropsy,  
He takes of your incombustible stuff, 80  
He's young again: there—you have made a friend.  
A lady that is past the feat of body,  
Tho' not of mind, and hath her face decayed  
Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore,  
With the oil of talc: there—you have made a friend; 85  
And all her friends. A lord that is a leper,  
A knight that has the bone-ache, or a squire  
That hath both these, you make them smooth and sound,  
With a bare fricace of your med'cine: still  
You increase your friends.

*Trib.* Aye, it is very pregnant. 90

*Subt.* And then the turning of this lawyer's pewter  
To plate at Christmas——

*Anan.* Christ-tide, I pray you.

*Subt.* Yet, Ananias?

*Anan.* I have done.

*Subt.* Or changing

His parcel gilt to massy gold. You cannot  
But raise you friends. Withal, to be of power 95  
To pay an army in the field, to buy  
The king of France out of his realms, or Spain  
Out of his Indies. What can you not do  
Against lords spiritual or temporal,  
That shall oppone you?

*Trib.* Verily, 'tis true. 100  
We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.

*Subt.* You may be anything, and leave off to make  
Long-winded exercises: or suck up  
Your *ha!* and *hum!* in a tune. I do not deny  
But such as are not gracèd in a state, 105  
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,  
And get a tune to call the flock together:  
For, to say sooth, a tune does much with women,  
And other phlegmatic people, it is your bell.

*Anan.* Bells are profane: a tune may be religious. 110

*Subt.* No warning with you? Then farewell my  
[patience.

'Slight, it shall down: I will not be thus tortured.

*Trib.* I pray you, sir.

*Subt.* All shall perish. I have spoke it.

*Trib.* Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes; the man  
He stands corrected: neither did his zeal, 115  
But as yourself, allow a tune somewhere.

Which now, being tow'rd the Stone, we shall not need.

*Subt.* No, nor your holy vizard, to win widows

To give you legacies; or make zealous wives  
 To rob their husbands for the common cause: 120  
 Nor take the start of bonds broke one day,  
 And say they were forfeited by providence.  
 Nor shall you need, o'er-night, to eat huge meals,  
 To celebrate your next day's fast the better:  
 The whilst the brethren and the sisters humbled, 125  
 Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast  
 Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones;  
 As whether a Christian may hawk or hunt,  
 Or whether matrons of the holy assembly  
 May lay their hair out or wear doublets; 130  
 Or have that idol starch about their linen.

*Anan.* It is indeed an idol.

*Trib.* Mind him not, sir.

I do command thee, spirit of zeal, but trouble,  
 To peace within him. Pray you, sir, go on.

*Subt.* Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the prelates,  
 And shorten so your ears against the hearing 136  
 Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity  
 Rail against plays to please the alderman  
 Whose daily custard you devour. Nor lie  
 With zealous rage till you are hoarse. Not one 140  
 Of these so singular arts. Nor call yourselves  
 By names of Tribulation, Persecution,  
 Restraint, Long-patience, and such like, affected  
 By the whole family or wood of you,  
 Only for glory, and to catch the ear 145

Of the disciple.

*Trib.* Truly, sir, they are  
Ways that the godly brethren have invented  
For propagation of the glorious cause,  
As very notable means, and whereby also  
Themselves grow soon, and profitably, famous. 150

*Subt.* O, but the Stone, all's idle to it! nothing!  
The art of angels, nature's miracle,  
The divine secret that doth fly in clouds  
From east to west; and whose tradition  
Is not from men, but spirits.

*Anan.* I hate traditions: 155  
I do not trust them——

*Trib.* Peace.

*Anan.* They are popish all.  
I will not peace. I will not——

*Trib.* Ananias!

*Anan.* Please the profane, to grieve the godly, I may not.

*Subt.* Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.

*Trib.* It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir. 160  
But truly, else, a very faithful brother,  
A botcher, and a man, by revelation,  
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.

*Subt.* Has he a competent sum there i' the bag  
To buy the goods within? I am made guardian, 165  
And must, for charity and conscience' sake,  
Now see the most be made for my poor orphan:  
Though I desire the brethren, too, good gainers;

There they are within. When you have viewed, and  
[bought them,  
And ta'en the inventory of what they are, 170  
They are ready for projection; there's no more  
To do: cast on the med'cine, so much silver  
As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,  
I'll give it you in by weight.

*Trib.* But how long time,  
Sir, must the saints expect yet?

*Subt.* Let me see, 175  
How is the moon now? eight, nine, ten days hence,  
He will be silver potato; then three days  
Before he citronise: some fifteen days  
The magisterium will be perfected.

*Anan.* About the second day of the third week, 180  
In the ninth month?

*Subt.* Yes, my good Ananias.

*Trib.* What will the orphans' goods arise to, think  
[you?

*Subt.* Some hundred marks, as much as filled three cars,  
Unladed now: you'll make six millions of them.  
But I must have more coals laid in.

*Trib.* How?

*Subt.* Another load, 185

And then we have finished. We must now increase  
Our fire to *ignis ardens*, we are past  
*Fimus equinus, balnei, cineris*,  
And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse

Should with this draught fall low, and that the saints 190  
Do need a present sum, I have a trick  
To melt the pewter you shall buy now, instantly,  
And with a tincture make you as good Dutch dollars  
As any are in Holland.

*Trib.* Can you so ?

*Subt.* Aye, and shall 'bide the third examination. 195

*Anan.* It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.

*Subt.* But you must carry it secret.

*Trib.* Aye, but stay,

This act of coining, is it lawful ?

*Anan.* Lawful ?

We know no magistrate. Or, if we did,  
This 's foreign coin.

*Subt.* It is not coining, sir. 200

It is but casting.

*Trib.* Ha ! you distinguish well.

Casting of money may be lawful.

*Anan.* 'Tis, sir.

*Trib.* Truly, I take it so.

*Subt.* There is no scruple,

Sir, to be made of it ; believe Ananias :

This case of conscience he is studied in. 205

*Trib.* I'll make a question of it to the brethren.

*Anan.* The brethren shall approve it lawful, doubt not,  
Where shall it be done ? [*Knocking without.*]

*Subt.* For that we'll talk anon.

There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT III

And view the parcels. That's the inventory. 210  
 I'll come to you straight. [*Exeunt* Tribulation and Ananias.  
 Who is it? Face? appear.

*Enter* Face.

*Subt.* How now? good prize?

*Face.* Good pox! yond costive cheater  
 Never came on.

*Subt.* How then?

*Face.* I have walked the round  
 Till now, and no such thing.

*Subt.* And have you quit him? 214

*Face.* Quit him? and hell would quit him too, he were  
 Slight, would you have me stalk like a mill-jade, [happy.  
 All day, for one that will not yield us grains?  
 I know him of old.

*Subt.* O, but to have gulled him,  
 Had been a mast'ry.

*Face.* Let him go, black boy!  
 And turn thee that some fresh news may possess thee. 220  
 A noble count, a don of Spain, my dear  
 Delicious compeer, and my party bawd.  
 Who is come hither, private, for his conscience,  
 And brought munition with him, six great slops,  
 Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round trunks, 225  
 Furnished with pistolets, and pieces of eight,  
 Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath,

(That is the colour) and to make his batt'ry  
Upon our Dol—our castle, our Cinque-port,  
Our Dover-pier, or what thou wilt. Where is she? 230  
She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen,  
The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit,  
For she must milk his epididymis.  
Where is the doxy?

*Subt.* I'll send her to thee:  
And but dispatch my brace of little John Leydens, 235  
And come again myself.

*Face.* Are they within then?

*Subt.* Numb'ring the sum.

*Face.* How much?

*Subt.* A hundred marks, boy. [*Exit.*

*Face.* Why, this is a lucky day. Ten pounds of Mammon!  
'Three of my clerk! a portague of my grocer!  
This of the brethren! beside reversions, 240  
And states to come i' the widow, and my count!  
My share to-day will not be bought for forty——

*Enter Dol.*

*Dol.* What?——

*Face.* Pounds, dainty Dorothy, art thou so near?

*Dol.* Yes---say, Lord-General, how fares our camp?

*Face.* As with the few that had entrenched themselves  
Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol. 246  
And laughed within those trenches, and grew fat  
With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in



Daily by their small parties. This dear hour  
A doughty don is taken with my Dol ; 250  
And thou may'st make his ransom what thou wilt,  
My Dousabel : he shall be brought here fettered  
With thy fair looks, before he sees thee ; and thrown  
In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon ;  
Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy drum ; 255  
Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum ; till he be tame  
As the poor blackbirds were in the great frost,  
Or bees are with a basin ; and so hive him  
I' the swan-skin coverlid and cambric sheets,  
'Till he work honey and wax, my little God's-gift. 260

*Dol.* What is he, general ?

*Face.* An adelantado,  
A grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet ?

*Dol.* No.

*Face.* Nor my Drugger ?

*Dol.* Neither.

*Face.* A pox on them,  
They are so long a-furnishing ! such stinkards  
Would not be seen upon these festival days. 265  
How now ! have you done ? [*Re-enter Subtle.*

*Subt.* Done. They are gone. The sum  
Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew  
Another chapman now would buy them outright.

*Face.* 'Slid, Nab shall do't against he have the widow,  
To furnish household.

*Subt.* Excellent, well thought on ; 270

Pray God he come.

*Face.* I pray he keep away  
Till our new business be o'erpast.

*Subt.* But, *Face*,  
How cam'st thou by this secret don?

*Face.* A spirit  
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,  
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle 275  
For Surly; I have my flies abroad. Your bath  
Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,  
You must go tune your virginal, no losing  
Of the least time. And, do you hear? good action.  
Firk like a flounder; kiss, like a scallop, close; 280  
And tickle him with thy mother tongue. His great  
Verdugo-ship has not a jot of language:  
So much the easier to be cozened; my Dolly.  
He will come here in a hired coach, obscure,  
And our own coach-man, whom I have sent as guide, 285  
No creature else. [*One knocks.*] Who's that?

*Subt.* It is not he?

*Face.* O no, not yet this hour.

*Subt.* Who is it?

*Dol.* Dapper,  
Your clerk.

*Face.* God's will then, Queen of Faerie,  
On with your tire. [*Exit Dol.*] And, doctor, with your  
Let's despatch him for God's sake. [robes.

*Subt.* 'Twill be long. 290

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT III

*Face.* I warrant you, take but the cues I give you, 291  
It shall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more!  
Abel, and I think the angry boy, the heir,  
That fain would quarrel.

*Subt.* And the widow?

*Face.* No, 294  
Not that I see. Away. [*Exit Subt.*] O sir, you're  
[welcome.

*Enter Dapper.*

The doctor is within a moving for you;  
(I've had the most ado to win him to it)  
He swears you'll be the darling of the dice:  
He never heard her highness dote till now.  
Your aunt has giv'n you the most gracious words 300  
That can be thought on.

*Dap.* Shall I see her grace?

*Face.* See her, and kiss her too. [*Enter Drug. and Kast.*  
What, honest Nab!

Hast brought the damask?

*Nab.* No, sir, here's tobacco. 303

*Face.* 'Tis well done, Nab: thou'lt bring the damask too?

*Drug.* Yes: here's the gentleman, captain, master Kastril,  
I've brought to see the doctor.

*Face.* Where's the widow?

*Drug.* Sir, as he likes, his sister, he says, shall come.

*Face.* O, is it so? good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?

*Kast.* Aye, and the best of the Kastrils, I'd be sorry else,  
By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the doctor? 310

My mad tobacco-boy here tells me of one  
That can do things. Has he any skill ?

*Face.* Wherein, sir ?

*Kast.* To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly,  
Upon fit terms.

*Face.* It seems, sir, you are but young  
About the town, that can make that a question. 315

*Kast.* Sir, not so young but I have heard some speech  
Of the angry boys, and seen them take tobacco ;  
And in his shop—and I can take it too.  
And I would fain be one of them, and go down  
And practise in the country.

*Face.* Sir, for the duello 320  
The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,  
To the least shadow of a hair : and show you  
An instrument he has of his own making,  
Wherewith no sooner shall you make report  
Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't 325  
Most instantly, and tell in what degree  
Of safety it lies in, or mortality.

And how it may be borne, whether in a right line,  
Or a half circle ; or may else be cast  
Into an angle blunt, if not acute : 330  
All this he will demonstrate. And then, rules  
To give and take the lie by.

*Kast.* How ? to take it ?

*Face.* Yes, in oblique he'll shew you, or in circle ;  
But never in diameter. The whole town

Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily      335  
At the eating-academies.

*Kast.* But does he teach  
Living by the wits too?

*Face.* Anything whatever.  
You cannot think that subtlety but he reads it.  
He made me a captain. I was a stark pimp,  
Just of your standing, 'fore I met with him :      340  
It is not two months since. I'll tell you his method :  
First, he will enter you at some ordinary.

*Kast.* No, I'll not come there. You shall pardon me.

*Face.* For why, sir?

*Kast.* There's gaming there, and tricks.

*Face.* Why, would you be  
A gallant, and not game?

*Kast.* Aye, 'twill spend a man.      345

*Face.* Spend you? it will repair you when you are spent.  
How do they live by their wits there, that have vented  
Six times your fortunes?

*Kast.* What, three thousand a year!

*Face.* Aye, forty thousand.

*Kast.* Are there such?

*Face.* Aye, sir.

And gallants yet. Here's a young gentleman      350  
Is born to nothing—[*points to Dapper*]—forty marks a year,  
Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated  
And have a fly of the doctor. He will win you  
By irresistible luck, within this fortnight,

Enough to buy a barony. They will set him 355  
Upmost, at the groom porters, all the Christmas;  
And for the whole year through at every place  
Where there is play, present him with the chair;  
The best attendance, the best drink; sometimes  
Two glasses of canary, and pay nothing; 360  
The purest linen, and the sharpest knife,  
The partridge next his trencher: and somewhere  
The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty.  
You shall have your ordinaries bid for him,  
As playhouses for a poet; and the master 365  
Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects,  
Which must be buttered shrimps: and those that drink  
To no mouth else will drink to his, as being  
The goodly president mouth of all the board. 369

*Kast.* Do you not gull one?

*Face.* 'Ods my life! do you think it?  
You shall have a cast commander, can but get  
In credit with a glover, or a spurrier,  
For some two pair of either's ware aforehand,  
Will, by most swift posts, dealing with him,  
Arrive at competent means to keep himself, 375  
His punk, and naked boy, in excellent fashion,  
And be admired for 't.

*Kast.* Will the doctor teach this?

*Face.* He will do more, sir, when your land is gone,  
(As men of spirit hate to keep earth long)  
In a vacation, when small money is stirring, 380

And ordinaries suspended till the term,  
He'll shew a perspective, where on one side  
You shall behold the faces and the persons  
Of all sufficient young heirs in town,  
Whose bonds are current for commodity ; 385  
On th' other side, the merchants' forms, and others,  
That without help of any second broker,  
Who would expect a share, will trust such parcels.  
In the third square, the very street and sign  
Where the commodity dwells, and does but wait 390  
To be delivered, be it pepper, soap,  
Hops, or tobacco, oatmeal, woad, or cheeses.  
All which you may so handle, to enjoy  
To your own use, and never stand obliged. 394

*Kast.* I'faith ! is he such a fellow ?

*Face.* Why, Nab here knows him.

And then for making matches for rich widows,  
Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st man !  
He's sent to, far and near, all over England,  
To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes. 399

*Kast.* God's will, my suster shall see him.

*Face.* I'll tell you, sir,  
What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing !—  
By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab, it breeds  
[melancholy ;  
And that same melancholy breeds worms ; but pass it.—  
He told me, honest Nab here was ne'er at tavern

But once in's life !

*Drug.* Truth, and no more I was not. 405

*Face.* And then he was so sick-----

*Drug.* Could he tell you that too ?

*Face.* How should I know it ?

*Drug.* In troth we had been a shooting,  
And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper, 408  
That lay so heavy o' my stomach-----

*Face.* And he has no head  
To bear any wine ; for what with the noise o' the  
[fiddlers,  
And care of his shop, for he dares keep no servants-----

*Drug.* My head did so ache-----

*Face.* As he was fain to be brought home,  
The doctor told me. And then a good old woman-----

*Drug.* Yes, faith, she dwells in Seacoal-lane,—did cure me,  
With sodden ale, and pellitory o' the wall--- 415  
Cost me but twopence. I had another sickness  
Was worse than that.

*Face.* Aye, that was with the grief  
Thou took'st for being cessed at eighteen-pence,  
For the Water-work.

*Drug.* In truth, and it was like  
T' have cost me almost my life.

*Face.* Thy hair went off? 420

*Drug.* Yes, sir. 'twas done for spite.

*Face.* Nay, so says the doctor.

*Kast.* Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster.



I'll see this learned boy before I go ;  
And so shall she.

*Face.* Sir, he is busy now :  
But if you have a sister to fetch hither, 425  
Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner ;  
And he by that time will be free.

*Kast.* I go. [*Exit.*

*Face.* Drugger, she's thine: the damask! [*Exit Drugger.*  
Subtle and I

Must wrestle for her. [*Aside.*] Come on, master Dapper.  
You see how I turn clients here away, 430  
To give your cause despatch. Have you performed  
The ceremonies were enjoined you?

*Dap.* Yes, of the vinegar,  
And the clean shirt.

*Face.* 'Tis well: that shirt may do you  
More worship than you think. Your aunt's a-fire,  
But that she will not show it, t' have a sight o' you. 435  
Have you provided for her grace's servants?

*Dap.* Yes, here are six score Edward shillings.

*Face.* Good.

*Dap.* And an old Harry's sovereign.

*Face.* Very good.

*Dap.* And three James shillings, and an Elizabeth groat;  
Just twenty nobles.

*Face.* O, you are too just, 440  
I would you had had the other noble in Marys.

*Dap.* I have some Philip-and-Marys.

*Face.* Aye, those same  
Are best of all. Where are they? Hark, the doctor.

*Enter Subtle, disguised like a priest of Faërie.*

*Subt.* Is yet her grace's cousin come?

*Face.* He is come.

*Subt.* And is he fasting?

*Face.* Yes.

*Subt.* And hath cried *hum*? 445

*Face* [*prompting him*]. Thrice, you must answer.

*Dap.* Thrice.

*Subt.* And as oft *buz*?

*Face* [*prompting*]. If you have, say.

*Dap.* I have.

*Subt.* Then, to her cuz,

Hoping that he hath vinegared his senses,

As he was bid, the Fairy queen dispenses,

By me, this robe, the petticoat of fortune, 450

Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.

And though to fortune near be her petticoat,

Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note:

And therefore, ev'n of that a piece she hath sent,

Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent; 455

And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it,

With as much love as then her grace did tear it,

About his eyes, to show he's fortunate.

*[They blind him with a strip of cloth.*

And trusting unto her to make his state,

He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him. 460

Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.

*Face.* She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has nothing,  
But what he'll part withal as willingly,

Upon her grace's word. *[To Dapper.]* -Throw away your

As she would ask it; handkerchiefs and all— *[purse;*

*(She cannot bid that thing but he'll obey)—* 466

If you have a ring about you, cast it off,

Or a silver seal at your wrist; her grace will send

Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal

Directly with her highness. If they find 470

That you conceal a mite, you are undone.

*[He throws away his money, as they bid him.*

*Dap.* Truly, there's all.

*Face.* All what?

*Dap.* My money; truly.

*Face.* Keep nothing that is transitory about you.

*(Bid Dol play music.) [Aside.]* Look, the elves are come

To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you. 475

*[Dol plays the cithern within; they pinch him.*

*Dap.* O, I have a paper with a spur-royal in it.

*Face.* *Ti, ti.*—'They knew't, they say.

*Subt.* *Ti, ti, ti, ti.*—

He has more yet.

*Face.* *Ti, ti-ti-ti.*—I' the other pocket?

*Subt.* *Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi*——

They must pinch him, or he'll ne'er confess, they say. 480

*Dap.* Oh, oh!

*Face.* Nay, pray you hold. He's her grace's nephew.

*Ti, ti, ti!*—What care you? Good faith, you shall care.

Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Show

You are innocent.

*Dap.* By this good light, I have nothing.

*Subt.* *Ti ti, ti ti, to ta.*—He does equivocate, 485  
She says. *Ti ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da.*——

And swears by the light when he is blinded.

*Dap.* By this good dark, I've nothing but a half-crown  
Of gold about my wrist, that my love gave me;  
And a leaden heart I wore since she forsook me. 490

*Face.* I thought 'twas something. And would you incur  
Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come,  
I had rather you'd thrown away twenty half-crowns.

You may wear your leaden heart still. [*Enter Dol.*  
How now? 494

*Subt.* What news, Dol?

*Dol.* Yonder is your knight, sir Mammon.

*Face.* God's-lid, we never thought of him till now.  
Where is he?

*Dol.* Here, hard by. He's at the door.

*Subt.* And are you not ready now? Dol, get his suit.  
He must not be sent back. [*Exit Dol.*

*Face.* Oh, by no means.  
What shall we do with this same puffin here, 500

Now he's on the spit?

*Subt.* Why, lay him back awhile,  
With some device. *Ti ti ti ti ti ti.*—Would her grace speak  
I come. [*Re-enter Dol.*] Help, Dol! [*with me?*]

*Face.* Who's there? Sir Epicure,  
[*He speaks through the key-hole, the other knocking.*]

My master's in the way. Please you to walk  
Three or four turns, but till his back be turned, 505  
And I am for you. Quickly, Dol!

*Subt.* Her grace  
Commends her kindly to you, Master Dapper.

*Dap.* I long to see her grace.

*Subt.* She now is set  
At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you  
From her own private trencher a dead mouse, 510  
And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal,  
And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting :  
Yet if you could hold out till she saw you, she says,  
It would be better for you.

*Face.* Sir, he shall  
Hold out, an 'twere this two hours, for her highness ; 515  
I can assure you that. We will not lose  
All we have done——

*Subt.* He must not see, nor speak  
To anybody, till then.

*Face.* For that we'll put, sir,

A stay in's mouth.

*Subt.* Of what?

*Face.* Of gingerbread.

Make you it fit. He that hath pleased her grace 520

Thus far, shall not now crinkle for a little.

Gape, sir, and let him fit you.

*Subt.* Where shall we now

Bestow him?

*Dol.* In the privy.

*Subt.* Come along, sir,

I now must show you Fortune's privy lodgings.

*Face.* Are they perfumed, and his bath ready?

*Subt.* All— 525

Only the fumigation's somewhat strong!

*Face.* [through the keyhole.] Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir,  
[by-and-bye. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV

SCENE I—*In Lovewit's house.*

Face, Mammon.

*Face.* O sir, you are come in the only finest time——

*Mam.* Where's master ?

*Face.* Now preparing for projection, sir.  
Your stuff will be all changed shortly.

*Mam.* Into gold ?

*Face.* To gold and silver, sir.

*Mam.* Silver I care not for. 4

*Face.* Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.

*Mam.* Where's the lady ?

*Face.* At hand here. I've told her such brave things  
[of you,

Touching your bounty, and your noble spirit——

*Mam.* Hast thou ?

*Face.* —As she's almost in her fit to see you.

But, good sir, no divinity in your conference,

For fear of putting her in rage——

*Mam.* I warrant thee. 10

*Face.* Six men will not hold her down. And then

If the old man should hear or see you——

*Mam.* Fear not.

*Face.* The very house, sir, would run mad. You  
How scrupulous he is, and violent, [know it,  
'Gainst the least act of sin. Physic, or mathematics, 15

Poetry, state, or bawdry, as I told you,  
She will endure, and never startle : but  
No word of controversy.

*Mam.* I'm schooled, good Ulen.

*Face.* And you must praise her house, remember that,  
And her nobility.

*Mam.* Let me alone : 20  
No herald, no, nor antiquary, Lungs,  
Shall do it better. Go.

*Face [aside].* Why, this is yet  
A kind of modern happiness, to have  
Dol Common for a great lady. [Exit Face.]

*Mam.* Now, Epicure,  
Heighten thyself, talk to her all in gold ; 25  
Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops  
Unto his Danæe : show the god a miser,  
Compared with Mammon. What? the Stone will do't.  
She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold :  
Nay, we will *concumbere* gold. I will be puissant, 30  
And mighty in my talk to her. Here she comes.

[Enter Dol with Face.]  
*Face [aside].* To him, Dol, suckle him. [Aloud.] This is  
I told your ladyship—— [the noble knight,

*Mam.* Madam, with your pardon,  
I kiss your vesture.

*Dol.* Sir, I were uncivil  
If I would suffer that ; my lip to you, sir. 35

*Mam.* I hope my lord your brother be in health, lady.



# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT IV

*Dol.* My lord, my brother is, though I no lady, sir.

*Face [aside].* Well said, my Guinea bird!

*Mam.* Right noble madam——

*Face [aside].* O, we shall have most fierce idolatry!

*Mam.* 'Tis your prerogative.

*Dol.* Rather your courtesy. 40

*Mam.* Were there nought else t' enlarge your virtues  
[to me,

These answers speak your breeding and your blood.

*Dol.* Blood we boast none, sir—a poor baron's  
[daughter.

*Mam.* Poor! and gat you? profane not. Had your father  
Slept all the happy remnant of his life 45

After that act, lien but there still, and panted,

He'd done enough to make himself, his issue,

And his posterity noble.

*Dol.* Sir, although

We may be said to want the gilt and trappings,

The dress of honour, yet we strive to keep 50

The seeds and the materials.

*Mam.* I do see

The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost,

Nor the drug money used to make your compound.

There is a strange nobility in your eye,

This lip, that chin! methinks you do resemble 55

One of the Austriac princes.

*Face [aside].* Very like!

Her father was an Irish costermonger.

*Mam.* The house of Valois just had such a nose,  
And such a forehead yet the Medici  
Of Florence boast.

*Dol.* Troth, and I have been likened 60  
To all these princes.

*Face [aside].* I'll be sworn I heard it.

*Mam.* I know not how ; it is not any one,  
But e'en the very choice of all their features.

*Face [aside].* I'll in, and laugh. [Exit.

*Mam.* A certain touch, or air, 65  
That sparkles a divinity beyond  
An earthly beauty !

*Dol.* Oh, you play the courtier !

*Mam.* Good lady, give me leave——

*Dol.* In faith, I may not,  
To mock me, sir.——

*Mam.* To burn in this sweet flame ;  
The phœnix never knew a nobler death.

*Dol.* Nay, now you court the courtier, and destroy 70  
What you would build. This art, sir, in your words,  
Calls your whole faith in question.

*Mam.* By my soul——

*Dol.* Nay, oaths are made of the same air, sir.

*Mam.* Nature 75  
Never bestowed upon mortality  
A more unblamed, a more harmonious feature :  
She played the step-dame in all faces else.  
Sweet madam, let me be particular——

*Dol.* Particular, sir? I pray you know your distance.

*Mam.* In no ill sense, sweet lady, but to ask  
How your fair graces pass the hours? I see 80  
You are lodged here, in the house of a rare man,  
An excellent artist; but what's that to you?

*Dol.* Yes, sir; I study here the mathematics,  
And distillation.

*Mam.* Oh, I cry you pardon.  
He's a divine instructor, can extract 85  
The souls of all things by his art; call all  
The virtues and the miracles of the sun  
Into a temperate furnace; teach dull nature  
What her own forces are. A man, the emperor  
Has courted above Kelly; sent his medals 90  
And chains, t' invite him.

*Dol.* Aye, and for his physic, sir——

*Mam.* Above the art of Æsculapius,  
That drew the envy of the Thunderer!  
I know all this, and more.

*Dol.* Troth, I am taken, sir,  
Whole with these studies that contemplate nature. 95

*Mam.* It is a noble humour: but this form  
Was not intended to so dark a use.  
Had you been crooked, foul, of some coarse mould,  
A cloister had done well; but such a feature  
That might stand up the glory of a kingdom 100  
To live recluse! is a mere solecism,  
Though in a nunnery. It must not be.

I muse, my lord your brother will permit it !  
You should spend half my land first, were I he.  
Does not this diamond better on my finger  
Than in the quarry ? 105

*Dol.* Yes.

*Mam.* Why, you are like it.  
You were created, lady, for the light !  
Here, you shall wear it ; take it, the first pledge  
Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me. 109

*Dol.* In chains of adamant ?

*Mam.* Yes, the strongest bands.  
And take a secret too. Here, by your side,  
Doth stand, this hour, the happiest man in Europe.

*Dol.* You are contented, sir ?

*Mam.* Nay, in true being,  
The envy of princes, and the fear of states. 114

*Dol.* Say you so, sir Epicure ?

*Mam.* Yes, and thou shalt prove it,  
Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye  
Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty  
Above all styles.

*Dol.* You mean no treason, sir ?

*Mam.* No, I will take away that jealousy.  
I am the lord of the philosopher's stone, 120  
And thou the lady.

*Dol.* How, sir, had you that ?

*Mam.* I am the master of the mastery.  
This day the good old wretch here of the house

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT IV

Has made it for us : now he's at projection.  
 Think therefore thy first wish now ; let me hear it ; 125  
 And it shall rain into thy lap no shower,  
 But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,  
 To get a nation on thee.

*Dol.* You are pleased, sir,  
 'To work on the ambition of our sex. 129

*Mam.* I'm pleased the glory of her sex should know  
 This nook here of the Friars is no climate  
 For her to live obscurely in, to learn  
 Physic and surgery, for the constable's wife  
 Of some odd hundred in Essex : but come forth,  
 And taste the air of palaces : eat, drink 135  
 The toils of empirics, and their boasted practice.  
 Tincture of pearl, and coral, gold and amber ;  
 Be seen at feasts and triumphs ; have it asked  
 What miracle she is ? set all the eyes  
 Of court a-fire, like a burning glass, 140  
 And work them into cinders, when the jewels  
 Of twenty states adorn thee, and the light  
 Strikes out the stars ; that when thy name is mentioned,  
 Queens may look pale ; and we but showing our love,  
 Nero's Poppæa may be lost in story ! 145  
 Thus will we have it.

*Dol.* I could well consent, sir.  
 But, in a monarchy, how will this be ?  
 The prince will soon take notice, and both seize  
 You and your Stone, it being a wealth unfit

For any private subject.

*Mam.* If he knew it. 150

*Dol.* Yourself do boast it, sir.—

*Mam.* To thee, my life.

*Dol.* O, but beware, sir ! you may come to end  
The remnant of your days in a loathed prison,  
By speaking of it.

*Mam.* 'Tis no idle fear :

We'll therefore go withal, my girl, and live 155

In a free state, where we will eat our mullets,  
Soused in high-country wines, sup pheasants' eggs,

And have our cockles boiled in silver shells,  
Our shrimps to swim again, as when they lived,  
In a rare butter made of dolphins' milk, 160

Whose cream does look like opals ; and with these

Delicate meats set ourselves high for pleasure,

And take us down again, and then renew

Our youth and strength, with drinking the elixir,  
And so enjoy a perpetuity 165

Of life and lust. And thou shalt have thy wardrobe

Richer than Nature's, still to change thyself,

And vary oft'ner for thy pride than she,

Or Art, her wise and almost-equal servant. [Enter Face.

*Face.* Sir, you're too loud. I hear you every word  
Into the laboratory. Some fitter place : 171

The garden, or great chamber above. How like you her ?

*Mam.* Excellent, Lungs ! There's for thee.

*Face.* But, do you hear ?

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT IV

Good sir, beware, no mention of the rabbins. 174

*Mam.* We think not on them. [*Exeunt Mam. and Dol.*]

*Face.* Oh, 'tis well, sir.—Subtle!

*Enter Subtle.*

*Face.* Dost thou not laugh?

*Subt.* Yes. Are they gone?

*Face.* All's clear.

*Subt.* The widow is come.

*Face.* And your quarrelling disciple?

*Subt.* Aye.

*Face.* I must to my captainship again then.

*Subt.* Stay, bring them in first.

*Face.* So I meant. What is she?

A bonnibel?

*Subt.* I know not.

*Face.* We'll draw lots. 180

You'll stand to that?

*Subt.* What else?

*Face.* Oh, for a suit

To fall now like a curtain, flap.

*Subt.* To the door, man!

*Face.* You'll have the first kiss, 'cause I am not ready.

[*Exit.*]

*Subt.* Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the nostrils.

*Face.* [*within*] Who would you speak with? [*Enter Kast.*]

*Kast.* Where's the captain?

*Face.* Gone, sir,

About some business.

*Kast.* Gone?

*Face.* He'll return straight. 186

But master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

*Subt.* Come near, my worshipful boy, my *terræ fili*,  
That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches :  
Welcome : I know thy lusts, and thy desires, 190  
And I will serve and satisfy them. Begin,  
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line ;  
Here is my centre : ground thy quarrel.

*Kast.* You lie.

*Subt.* How, child of wrath and anger ! the loud lie !  
For what, my sudden boy ?

*Kast.* Nay, that look you to, 195  
I am afore-hand.

*Subt.* Oh, this's no true grammar,  
And as ill logic ! you must render causes, child,  
Your first and second intentions, know your canons,  
And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differences,  
Your predicaments, substance, and accidents, 200  
Series extern and intern, with their causes,  
Efficient, material, formal, final,  
And have your elements perfect——

*Kast.* What, is this  
The angry tongue he talks in !

*Subt.* That false precept  
Of being afore-hand has deceived a number, 205  
And made them enter quarrels often-times



Before they were aware ; and afterward,  
Against their wills.

*Kast.* How must I do then, sir ? [Enter *Pli.*

*Subt.* I cry this lady mercy : she should first  
I have been saluted. I do call you lady, 210  
Because you are to be one, ere't be long,  
My soft and buxom widow. [He kisses her.

*Kast.* Is she, i' faith ?

*Subt.* Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.

*Kast.* How know you ?

*Subt.* By inspection on her forehead,  
And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted 215  
Often, to make a judgment. 'Slight, she melts  
[He kisses her again.

Like a myrobolane ! here is yet a line,  
*In vivo frontis*, tells me he's no knight.

*Pli.* What is he then, sir ?

*Subt.* Let me see your hand.

Oh, your *linea fortune* makes it plain ; 220

And *stella* here, *in monte Veneris* ;

But, most of all, *junctura annularis*.

He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady ;

But shall have some great honour shortly.

*Pli.* Brother,

He's a rare man, believe me !

*Kast.* Hold your peace. 225

Here comes the t'other rare man.—'Save you, captain.

*Face.* Good master Kastril. Is this your sister?

*Kast.* Aye, sir.

Please you to kuss her, and be proud to know her.

*Face.* I shall be proud to know you, lady. [*Kisses her.*]

*Pli.* Brother,

He calls me lady, too.

*Kast.* Aye, peace. I heard it. 230

*Face.* [*to Subt.*] The Count is come.

*Subt.* Where is he?

*Face.* At the door.

*Subt.* Why, you must entertain him.

*Face.* What'll you do

With these the while?

*Subt.* Why, have them up, and show them  
Some fustian book, or the dark glass.

*Face.* 'Fore God, 234  
She is a delicate dab-chick! I must have her. [*Exit.*]

*Subt.* Must you? Aye, if your fortune will, you must.

Come, sir, the captain will come to us presently:

I'll have you to my chamber of demonstrations,

Where I will show you both the grammar and logic,  
And rhetoric of quarrelling; my whole method 240

Drawn out in tables; and my instrument,

That hath the several scales upon't, shall make you

Able to quarrel at a straw's breadth by moon-light.

And, lady, I will have you look in a glass,

Some half an hour, but to clear your eyesight 245

Against you see your fortune; which is greater

Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me. 247  
[*Exeunt Kast. and Pli.*]

*Re-enter Face*

*Face.* Where are you, doctor?

*Subt.* I'll come to you presently.

*Face.* I will have this same widow, now I've seen her,  
On any composition.

*Subt.* What do you say? 250

*Face.* Have you disposed of them?

*Subt.* I have sent them up.

*Face.* Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widow.

*Subt.* Is that the matter?

*Face.* Nay, but hear me.

*Subt.* Go to,

If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all.

Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance. 255

*Face.* Nay, thou 'rt so violent now—Do but conceive,  
Thou art old, and canst not serve——

*Subt.* Who cannot, I?

'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a——

*Face.* Nay,

But understand: I'll give you composition. 259

*Subt.* I will not treat with thee: what, sell my fortune!  
'Tis better than my birth-right. Do not murmur.  
Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol  
Knows it directly.

*Face.* Well, sir, I am silent.

Will you go help to fetch in Don in state?

*Subt.* I follow you, sir —[*Exit Face*]—we must keep Face  
Or he will over look us like a tyrant. [in awe,

Brain of a tailor! who comes here? Don John? 267

[*Re-enter Face, with Surly dressed like a Spaniard.*

*Sur.* *Senores, beso las manos a vuestras mercedes.*<sup>1</sup>

*Subt.* Would you had stooped a little, and kissed our *anos*!

*Face.* Peace, Subtle.

*Subt.* Stab me! I shall never hold, man.

He looks, in that deep ruff, like a head in a platter, 271

Served in by a short cloak upon two trestles.

*Face.* Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut down  
Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife?

*Subt.* 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a Spaniard. 275

*Face.* Perhaps some Fleming or some Hollander got him  
In d'Alva's time; count Egmont's bastard!

*Subt.* Don,

Your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.

*Sur.* *Gratia.*

*Subt.* He speaks out of a fortification.

Pray god he have no squibs in those deep sets. 280

*Sur.* *Por dios, senores, muy linda casa!*<sup>2</sup>

*Subt.* What says he?

*Face.* Praises the house, I think;

I know no more but's action.

*Subt.* Yes, the *casa*,

<sup>1</sup> Gentlemen, I kiss your hands.

<sup>2</sup> By God, a very pretty woman.

My precious Diego, will prove fair enough  
To cozen you in. Do you mark? you shall 285  
Be cozened, Diego.

*Face.* Cozened, do you see?

My worthy Donzel, cozened.

*Sur.* *Entiendo.*<sup>1</sup>

*Subt.* Do you *intend* it? so do we, dear Don.

Have you brought pistolets or portagues,

My solemn Don? [*To Face.*] Dost thou feel any?

*Face.* [*feeling his pockets*]. Full. 290

*Subt.* You shall be emptied, Don, pumped and drawn  
Dry, as they say.

*Face.* Milked, in truth, sweet Don.

*Subt.* See all the monsters; the great lion of all, Don.

*Sur.* *Con licencia, se puede ver a esta senora?*<sup>2</sup>

*Subt.* What talks he now?

*Face.* Of the *senora*.

*Subt.* O Don, 295

That is the lioness, which you shall see

Also, my Don.

*Face.* 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?

*Subt.* For what?

*Face.* Why Dol's employed, you know.

*Subt.* That's true.

'Fore heaven, I know not: he must stay, that's all.

<sup>1</sup> I hear.

<sup>2</sup> By your leave, can I see the lady.

*Face.* Stay! that he must not by no means——

*Subt.* No! why?

*Face.* Unless you'll mar all. 'Slight, he will suspect it:  
And then he will not pay, not half so well. 302

This is a travelled punk-master, and does know  
All the delays; a notable hot rascal,  
And looks already rampant.

*Subt.* 'Sdeath, and Mammon 305  
Must not be troubled.

*Face.* Mammon! in no case!

*Subt.* What shall we do then?

*Face.* Think: you must be sudden.

*Sur.* *Entiendo, que la senhora es tan hermosa,  
Que codicio tan à verla, como la bien  
Aventuranza de mi vida.*<sup>1</sup>

*Face.* *Mi vida?* 310  
'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind o' the *widow*.

What dost thou say to draw her to it, ha!  
And tell her 'tis her fortune? all our venture  
Now lies upon it. 'Tis but one man more,  
Which of us chance to have her: and beside, 315  
There is no maidenhead to be feared or lost.  
What dost thou think on't, Subtle?

*Subt.* Who, I? why——

*Face.* The credit of our house too is engaged.

---

<sup>1</sup> I hear that the lady is so beautiful that I desire to see her, as the good fortune  
[beatitude] of my life.

*Subt.* You made me an offer for my share erewhile.  
What wilt thou give me, i'faith?

*Face.* O, by that light 320  
I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.  
E'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir; win her,  
And wear her out for me.

*Subt.* 'Slight, I'll not work her then.

*Face.* It is the common cause; therefore bethink you.  
Dol else must know it, as you said.

*Subt.* I care not. 325

*Sur.* *Senores, porque se tarda tanta?*<sup>1</sup>

*Subt.* Faith, I'm not fit, I'm old.

*Face.* That's now no reason, sir.

*Sur.* *Puede ser de hazer burla de mi amor?*<sup>2</sup>

*Face.* You hear the don, too? by this air, I call,  
And loose the hinges; Dol!

*Subt.* A plague of hell—— 330

*Face.* Will you then do?

*Subt.* You are a terrible rogue,  
I'll think of this: will you, sir, call the widow?

*Face.* Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her faults,  
Now I do think on't better.

*Subt.* With all my heart, sir;  
Am I discharged o' the lot?

*Face.* As you please.

*Subt.* Hands! [*They shake hands.*]

<sup>1</sup> Sirs, wherefore so slow?

<sup>2</sup> Can it be from making a mock of my love?

*Face.* Remember now that, upon any change, 336  
You never claim her.

*Subt.* Much good joy, and health to you, sir.  
Marry a whore! Fate, let me wed a witch first!

*Sur.* *Por estas barbas<sup>1</sup> honradas*——

*Subt.* He swears by his beard.  
Despatch, and call the brother too.

*Sur.* *Tiengo duda, senores,* 340  
*Que no me hagan alguna traycion.<sup>2</sup>* [*To the audience.*]

*Subt.* How, *issue on?* yes, *præsto, Señor.* Please you  
*Enthratha* the *chambratha*, worthy Don?  
Where if you please the fates, in your *bathada*,  
You shall be soaked, and stroked, and tubbed, and rubbed  
And scrubbed, and fubbed, dear Don, before you go. 346  
You shall in faith, my scurvy baboon Don,  
Be curried, clawed, and flawed, and tawed indeed.  
I will the heartlier go about it now,  
And make the widow a punk so much the sooner, 350  
To be revenged on this impetuous Face——  
The quickly doing of it is the grace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—*Another room.*

Face, Kastril, Dame Pliant, Subtle, Surly

*Face.* Come, lady: I knew the doctor would not leave,  
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune. 354

<sup>1</sup> By these honoured hairs.

<sup>2</sup> I doubt, sirs, they are acting some treason upon me.



*Kast.* To be a countess, say you? A Spanish countess?

*Pli.* Why, is that better than an English countess?

*Face.* Better? 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?

*Kast.* Nay, she's a fool, captain, you must pardon her.

*Face.* Ask from your courtier, to your inns-of-court-man,  
To your mere milliner; they will tell you all, 360  
Your Spanish gennet is the best horse; your Spanish  
Stoup is the best garb; your Spanish beard  
Is the best cut; your Spanish ruffs are the best  
Wear; your Spanish pavin the best dance;  
Your Spanish titillation in a glove 365  
The best perfume. And for your Spanish pike,  
And Spanish blade, let your poor captain speak.—  
Here comes the doctor.

*Subt.* My most honoured lady;  
For so I am now to style you, having found,  
By this my scheme, you are to undergo 370  
An honourable fortune very shortly;  
What will you say now, if some----

*Face.* I've told her all, sir;  
And her right worshipful brother here, that she shall be  
A countess; do not delay them, sir: a Spanish countess.

*Subt.* Still, my scarce-worshipful captain, you can keep  
No secret? Well, since he has told you, madam, 376  
Do you forgive him, and I do.

*Kast.* She shall do that, sir.  
I'll look to't, 'tis my charge.

*Subt.* Well then: nought rests

But that she fit her love now to her fortune.

*Pli.* Truly I shall never brook a Spaniard.

*Subt.* No? 380

*Pli.* Never since eighty-eight could I abide them.

And that was some three year afore I was born, in truth.

*Subt.* Come, you must love him, or be miserable;  
Choose which you will.

*Face.* [*to Kast.*] By this good rush, persuade her,  
She will cry strawberries else, within this twelve-month. 385

*Subt.* Nay, shads, and mackerel, which is worse.

*Face.* [*to Kast.*] Indeed, sir!

*Kast.* [*to Pli.*] Godslid, you shall love him, or I'll kick you.

*Pli.* Why,

I'll do as you will have me, brother.

*Kast.* Do,

Or by this hand I'll maul you.

*Face.* [*to Kast.*] Nay, good sir,

Be not so fierce.

*Subt.* No, my enraged child, 390

She will be ruled. What, when she comes to taste

The pleasures of a countess! to be courted . . .

*Face.* And kissed, and ruffled——

*Subt.* Aye, behind the hangings!

*Face.* And then come forth in pomp——

*Subt.* And know her state!

*Face.* Of keeping all th' idolaters of the chamber 395  
Barer to her, than at their prayers——

*Subt.* Is served

Upon the knee——

*Face.* And has her pages, ushers,  
Footmen, and coaches——

*Subt.* Her six mares——

*Face.* Nay, eight!

*Subt.* To hurry her through London, to th' Exchange,  
Beth'lem, the china-houses——

*Face.* Yes, and have 400  
The citizens gape at her, and praise her tires:  
And my lord's goose-turd bands, that ride with her!

*Kast.* Most brave! by this hand, you are not my sister,  
If you refuse.

*Pli.* I will not refuse, brother.

*Sur.* *Que es esto, senores, que non se venga?* 405  
*Esta tardanza me mata!*<sup>1</sup>

*Face.* It is the count come:  
The doctor knew he'd be here, by his art.

*Subt.* *En gallanta madama, 'Don! gallantissima!*<sup>2</sup>

*Sur.* *Por todos los dioses, le mas acaba da*  
*Hermosura, que he visto en mi vida!*<sup>3</sup> 410

*Face.* Is't not a gallant language that they speak?

*Kast.* An admirable language! Is't not French?

*Face.* No, Spanish, sir.

*Kast.* It goes like law-French.

<sup>1</sup> What's this, sirs, is she not coming? This delay is killing me.

<sup>2</sup> *Quasi-Italian.*

<sup>3</sup> By all the gods, the most finished beauty that I have seen in my life!

And that, they say, is the courtliest language.

*Face.* *List, sir.*

*Sur.* *El sol ha perdido su lumbré, con el* 415  
*Esplendor, que tra esta dama. Valgame dios!*<sup>1</sup>

*Face.* He admires your sister.

*Kast.* Must not she make curt'sy?

*Subt.* 'Ods-wil, she must go to him, man, and kiss him!  
It is the Spanish fashion for the women  
To make first court.

*Face.* 'Tis true he tells you, sir: 420  
His art knows all.

*Sur.* *Por que no se acude?*<sup>2</sup>

*Kast.* He speaks to her, I think.

*Face.* That he does, sir.

*Sur.* *Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tarda?*<sup>3</sup>

*Kast.* Nay, see; she will not understand him! Gull!  
Noddy!

*Pli.* What say you, brother?

*Kast.* Ass, my suster! 425  
Go kuss him, as the cunning man would have you,  
I'll thrust a pin in your buttocks else.

*Face.* Oh, no, sir.

*Sur.* *Senora mia, mi persona muy indigna esta*  
*Allegar a tanta hermosura.*<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The sun has lost his light with the splendour that this lady exhibits! God bless me!

<sup>2</sup> Why not assist?

<sup>3</sup> For the love of God, why is this delay?

<sup>4</sup> Madam, my person is very unworthy of being connected with so much beauty.

*Face.* Does he not use her bravely?

*Kast.* Bravely, i-faith! 430

*Face.* Nay, he'll use her better.

*Kast.* D'you think so?

*Sur.* *Senora, si sera servido, entremonos.*<sup>1</sup>

[*Exit with Dame Pliant.*

*Kast.* Where does he carry her?

*Face.* Into the garden, sir;

Take you no thought: I must interpret for her.

*Subt.* Give Dol the word. [*Exit Face.*] Come, my fierce  
We'll to our quarrelling lesson again. [child, advance.

*Kast.* Agreed. 436

I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.

*Subt.* Nay, and by this means, sir, you shall be brother  
To a great count.

*Kast.* Aye, I knew that at first,  
This match will advance the name of the Kastrils. 440

*Subt.* 'Pray God your sister prove but pliant.

*Kast.* Why,  
Her name is so, by her other husband.

*Subt.* How!

*Kast.* The widow Pliant. Knew you not that?

*Subt.* No, faith, sir:  
Yet, by erection of her figure, I guessed it.

Come, let's go practise.

*Kast.* Yes, but do you think, doctor, 445

<sup>1</sup> Madam, it shall be as you wish, let us go within.

I e'er shall quarrell well?

*Subt.*

I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

Dol (*in an assumed fit of raving*) and Mammon

*Dol.* For, after Alexander's death——

*Mam.* Good lady——

*Dol.* That Perdiccas and Antigonus were slain,  
The two that stood, Seleuc' and Ptolomee——

*Mam.* Madam!

*Dol.* Made up the two legs, and the fourth beast,  
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south : which after 451  
Was called Gog-iron-leg, and South-iron-leg——

*Mam.* Lady——

*Dol.* And then Gog-hornèd. So was Egypt, too :  
Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg——

*Mam.* Sweet madam——

*Dol.* And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall  
In the last link of the fourth chain. And these 456  
Be stars in story, which none see, or look at——

*Mam.* What shall I do !

*Dol.* For, as he says, except  
We call the rabbins, and the heathen Greeks——

*Mam.* Dear lady !

*Dol.* To come from Salem, and from Athens,  
And teach the people of Great Britain—— [*Enter Face hastily.*]

*Face.* What's the matter, sir?

*Dol.* To speak the tongue of Eber and Javan——

*Mam* Oh, 462

She's in her fit!

*Dol.* We shall know nothing——

*Face.* Death, sir,

We are undone!

*Dol.* Where then a learned linguist

Shall see the ancient used communion 465

Of vowels and consonants——

*Face.* My master will hear!

*Dol.* A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high——

*Mam.* Sweet honourable lady!

*Dol.* To comprise

All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters——

*Face.* Nay, you must never hope to lay her now! 470

*Dol.* And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,

And profane Greek, to raise the building up

Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite,

King of Thogarma, and his habergeons

Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force 475

Of king Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim;

Which rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos,

And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome. [*They speak together.*

*Face.* How did you put her into 't?

*Mam.* Alas, I talked

Of a fifth monarchy I would erect, 480

With the philosopher's Stone (by chance), and she

Falls on the other four straight.

*Face.* Out of Broughton !

I told you so. 'Slid, stop her mouth.

*Mam.* Is't best ?

*Face.* She'll never leave else. If the old man hear her,  
We are but faces, ashes.

*Subt.* [*within*]. What's to do there? 485

*Face.* Oh, we are lost. Now she hears him, she's quiet.

*Mam.* Where shall I hide me ?

*Subtle enters, and they disperse.*

*Subt.* How ! what sight is here ?

Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light.

Bring him again. Who is he ? what, my son !

Oh, I have lived too long.

*Mam.* Nay, good dear father, 490

There was no unchaste purpose.

*Subt.* Not ? and flee me,

When I come in !

*Mam.* That was my error.

*Subt.* Error !

Guilt, guilt, my son ! Give 't the right name. No marvel,

If I found check in our great work within,

When such affairs as these were managing ! 495

*Mam.* Why, have you so ?

*Subt.* It has stood still this half hour :

And all the rest of our less works gone back.

Where is the instrument of wickedness,



My lewd false drudge?

*Mam.* Nay, good sir, blame not him.  
Believe me, 'twas against his will, or knowledge. 500  
I saw her by chance.

*Subt.* Will you commit more sin,  
T' excuse a varlet?

*Mam.* By my hope, 'tis true, sir.

*Subt.* Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom  
The blessing was prepared, would so tempt heaven;  
And lose your fortunes.

*Mam.* Why, sir?

*Subt.* This will retard 505  
The work, a month at least.

*Mam.* Why, if it do,  
What remedy? but think it not, good father:  
Our purposes were honest.

*Subt.* As they were,  
So the reward will prove. How now? ah me!  
[*A great crack and noise within.*  
God and all saints be good to us! What's that? 510

*Enter Face.*

*Face.* O sir, we are defeated! all the works  
Are flown *in fumo*, every glass is burst!  
Furnace and all rent down! as if a bolt  
Of thunder had been driven through the house.  
Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt-heads 515  
All struck in shivers! help, good sir! alas!

[*Subtle falls down in a swoon.*

Coldness and death invades him ! Nay, sir Mammon,  
 Do the fair offices of a man ! you stand  
 As you were readier to depart than he. [*Knocking within.*  
 Who's there ? my lord her brother's come.

*Mam.* Ha, Lungs ? 520

*Face.* His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight,  
 For he's as furious as his sister's mad. [*One knocks.*

*Mam.* Alas !

*Face.* My brain's quite undone with the fume, sir,  
 I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.

*Mam.* Is all lost, Lungs ? will nothing be preserved, 525  
 Of all our cost ?

*Face.* Faith, very little, sir.  
 A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, sir.

*Mam.* Oh my voluptuous mind ! I'm justly punished ----

*Face.* And so am I, sir.

*Mam.* Cast from all my hopes ----

*Face.* Nay, certainties, sir.

*Mam.* By mine own base affections.

*Subt.* Oh, the curst fruits of vice and lust !

[*He seems to come to himself*

*Mam.* Good father,

It was my sin, forgive it.

*Subt.* Hangs my roof 532  
 Over us still, and will not fall, O justice,  
 Upon us, for this wicked man !

*Face.* [*to Mam.*] Nay, look, sir,  
 You grieve him now with staying in his sight :

Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and take you  
And that may breed a tragedy.

*Mam.* I will go.

*Face.* Aye, and repent at home, sir. It may be,  
For some good penance you may have it yet ;  
A hundred pound to the box at Bethlem——

*Mam.* Yes. 540

*Face.* For the restoring such as—have their wits.

*Mam.* I'll do't.

*Face.* I'll send one to you to receive it.

*Mam.* Do.

Is no projection left ?

*Face.* All flown, or stinks, sir.

*Mam.* Will nought be saved that's good for med'cine,  
[think'st thou ?

*Face.* I cannot tell, sir. There will be, perhaps, 545  
Something about the scraping of the shards  
Will cure the itch—though not your itch of mind, sir !  
It shall be saved for you, and sent home. Good sir,  
This way, for fear the lord should meet you.

*Subt.* Face.

*Face.* Aye.

*Subt.* Is he gone ?

*Face.* Yes, and as heavily 550  
As all the gold he hoped for were in's blood.  
Let us be light, though.

*Subt.* [leaping up] Aye, as balls, and bound  
And hit our heads against the roof for joy :

There's so much of our care now cast away.

*Face.* Now to our Don.

*Subt.* Yes, your young widow, by this time,  
Is made a countess, *Face*: she has been in travail 556  
Of a young heir for you.

*Face.* Good, sir.

*Subt.* Off with your case,  
And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should,  
After these common hazards.

*Face.* Very well, sir.  
Will you go fetch Don Diego off, the while? 560

*Subt.* And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleased, sir.  
Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets now.

*Face.* Why, you can do't as well, if you would set to't.  
I pray you prove your virtue.—

*Subt.* For your sake, sir.

SCENE IV—*Another room.*

Surly, Dame Pliant.

*Sur.* Lady, see you into what hands you're fallen?  
'Mongst what a nest of villains? and how near 566  
Your honour was to have caught a certain clap,  
'Thro' your credulity, had I but been  
So punctually forward, as place, time,  
And other circumstances would have made a man? 570  
For you're a handsome woman: would you were wise, too.  
I am a gentleman come here disguised

Only to find the knaveries of this citadel,  
And where I might have wronged your honour, and have not,  
I claim some interest in your love. You are, 575  
They say, a widow, rich ; and I'm a bachelor,  
Worth nought ; your fortunes may make me a man,  
As mine have preserved you a woman. Think upon 't,  
And whether I have deserved you, or no.

*Pli.* I will, sir.

*Sur.* And for these household-rogues, let me alone 580  
To treat with them. [*Enter Subtle.*

*Subt.* And how doth my noble Diego,  
And my dear madam countess? hath the count  
Been courteous, lady? liberal and open?  
Donzel, methinks you look melancholic,  
After your *coitum*, and scurvy : truly, 585  
I do not like the dulness of your eye :  
It hath a heavy cast, tis upsee Dutch,  
And says you are a lumpish whore-master.  
Be lighter, I will make your pockets so.

[*He falls to picking of them.*

*Sur.* Will you, don bawd, and pick-purse? how now!  
Stand up, sir, you shall find, since I'm so heavy, [reel you?  
I'll give you equal weight.

*Subt.* Help! murder!

*Sur.* No, sir, 592  
There's no such thing intended. A good cart,  
And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear.  
I am the Spanish don *that should be cozened*,

*Do you see, cozened?* where's your *captain Face*?  
That parcel broker, and whole-bawd, all rascal. [*Enter Face.*

*Face.* How, Surly!

*Sur.* Oh, make your approach, good *captain!*  
I have found from whence your copper rings and spoons  
Come now wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns. 600  
'Twas here you learned t' anoint your boot with brimstone,  
Then rub men's gold on't, for a kind of touch,  
And say 'twas naught; when you had changed the colour,  
That you might have't for nothing. And this *doctor*,  
Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he 605  
Will close you so much gold in a bolts-head,  
And on a turn convey i' the stead another  
With sublimed Mercury, that shall burst i' the heat,  
And fly out all *in fumo!* Then weeps Mammon!

[*Face slips out.*

Then swoons his worship! Or, he is the Faustus 610  
That casteth figures and can conjure, cures  
Plagues, piles, and pox by the Ephemerides,  
And holds intelligence with all the bawds  
And midwives of three shires: while you send in—  
Captain, (what, is he gone?) damsels with child, 615  
Wives that are barren, or the waiting-maid  
With the green sickness. Nay, sir, you must tarry  
Though he be scaped; and answer by the cars, sir.

*Re-enter Face with Kastril.*

*Face.* Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel

Well (as they say) and be a true-born child. 620  
The doctor and your sister both are abused.

*Kast.* Where is he? which is he? he is a slave  
Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore. Are you  
The man, sir, I would know?

*Sur.* I should be loth, sir,  
To confess so much.

*Kast.* Then you lie i' your throat.

*Sur.* [*in surprise.*] How? 625

*Face.* [*to Kast.*] A very arrant rogue, sir, and a cheater,  
Employed here by another conjuror,  
That does not love the doctor and would cross him,  
If he knew how——

*Sur.* Sir, you're abused.

*Kast.* You lie :

And 'tis no matter.

*Face.* [*to Kast.*] Well said, sir. He is 630  
The impudent'st rascal——

*Sur.* You are indeed. Will you hear me, sir?

*Face.* By no means : bid him be gone.

*Kast.* Begone, sir, quickly.

*Sur.* This 's strange! Lady, do you inform your brother.

*Face.* There is not such a foist in all the town,  
The doctor had him presently ; and finds yet 635  
The Spanish count will come here. Bear up, Subtle. [*Aside.*

*Subt.* Yes, sir, he must appear within this hour.

*Face.* And yet this rogue would come in a disguise,  
By the temptation of another spirit,

To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it.

*Kast.* *Aye,*

I know—[*to Pli.*] Away, you talk like a foolish mauther.

*Sur.* Sir, all is truth she says.

*Face.* [*to Kast.*] Do not believe him, sir.

He is the lying'st swabber ! Come your ways, sir. 643

*Sur.* You are valiant out of company.

*Kast.* Yes? how then, sir?

*Enter Drugger.*

*Face.* Nay, here's an honest fellow, too, that knows him,  
And all his tricks.—[*to Drug.*] Make good what I say, Abel.  
This cheater would have cozened thee of the widow.

He owes this honest Drugger here seven pound

He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of tobacco.

*Drug.* Yes, sir. And he has damned himself three terms

*Face.* And what does he owe for lotium ? [*to pay me.*

*Drug.* Thirty shillings, sir ;

And for six syringes.

*Sur.* Hydra of villainy ! 652

*Face.* Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out of the house.

*Kast.* I will.

Sir, if you get not out of doors, you lie ;

And you are a pimp.

*Sur.* Why, this is madness, sir,

Not valour in you ; I must laugh at this.

*Kast.* It is my humour ; you are a pimp and a trig.  
And an Amadis de Gaul, or a Don Quixote !

*Drug.* Or a knight o' the curious coxcomb, do you see?



# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT IV

*Anan.* Peace to the household. [Enter Ananias.

*Kast.* I'll keep peace for no man.

*Anan.* Casting of dollars is concluded lawful. 661

*Kast.* Is he the constable?

*Subt.* Peace, Ananias.

*Face.* No, sir.

*Kast.* Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit,  
A very tim.

*Sur.* You'll hear me, sir?

*Kast.* I will not.

*Anan.* What is the motive?

*Subt.* Zeal in the young gentleman,  
Against his Spanish slops——

*Anan.* They are profane, 666  
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.

*Sur.* New rascals!

*Kast.* Will you be gone, sir!

*Anan.* Avoid, Satan!  
Thou art not of the light. That ruff of pride

About thy neck betrays thee: and is the same 670

With that which the unclean birds, in seventy-seven,

Were seen to prank it with on divers coasts.

Thou look'st like antichrist, in that lewd hat.

*Sur.* I must give way.

*Kast.* Begone, sir.

*Sur.* But I'll take

A course with you——

*Anan.* Depart, proud Spanish fiend. 675

*Sur.* Captain and doctor——

*Anan.* Child of perdition.

*Kast.* Hence, sir!—

Did I not quarrel bravely? [*Exit* Surly.]

*Face.* Yes, indeed, sir.

*Kast.* Nay, an' I give my mind to 't, I shall do't.

*Face.* Oh, you must follow, sir, and threaten him tame :  
He'll turn again else.

*Kast.* I'll re-turn him then. [*Exit.*

*Face.* Druggier, this rogue prevented us, for thee : 681  
We had determined that thou should'st have come  
In a Spanish suit, and have carried her so ; and he,  
A brokerly slave ! goes puts it on himself.  
Hast brought the damask ?

*Drug.* Yes, sir.

*Face.* Thou must borrow 685  
A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the players ?

*Drug.* Yes, sir ; did you never see me play the Fool ?

*Face.* I know not, Nab : thou shalt, if I can help it.  
Hieronimo's old cloak, ruff and hat will serve,  
I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st them. [*Exit* Druggier.]

*Anan.* Sir, I know 690

The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies  
Upon their actions : and that this was one  
I make no scruple. But the holy synod  
Have been in prayer and meditation for it,  
And 'tis revealed no less to them than me,

695

That casting of money is most lawful.

*Subt.*

True :

But here I cannot do it ; if the house  
Should chance to be suspected, all would out,  
And we be locked up in the Tower for ever,  
To make gold there for the state, never come out, 700  
And then are you defeated.

*Anan.*

I will tell

This to the elders and the weaker brethren,  
That the whole company of the separation  
May join in humble prayer again——

*Subt.*

And fasting——

704

*Anan.* Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mind  
Rest with these walls. [Exit.

*Subt.*

Thanks, courteous Ananias.

*Face.* What did he come for ?

*Subt.*

About casting dollars

Presently, out of hand. And so I told him  
A Spanish minister came here to spy  
Against the faithful——

*Face.*

I conceive. Come, Subtle,

710

Thou art so down upon the least disaster !

How would'st thou have done, if I had not helped thee out?

*Subt.* I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy, i' faith.

*Face.* Who would have looked it should have been that  
Surly ? he had dyed his beard and all. Well, sir, [rascal  
Here's damask come to make you a suit.

*Subt.*

Where's Druggier?

*Face.* He 's gone to borrow me a Spanish habit ; 717  
I'll be the count now.

*Subt.* But where is the widow ?

*Face.* Within, with my lord's sister : Madam Dol  
Is entertaining her.

*Subt.* By your favour, *Face*,

Now she is honest I will stand again. 721

*Face.* You will not offer it.

*Subt.* Why ?

*Face.* Stand to your word,  
Or here comes Dol ! she knows----- [*Enter Dol.*]

*Subt.* You're tyrannous still.

*Face.* Strict for my right.---How now, Dol ? Hast told her  
The Spanish count will come ?

*Dol.* Yes, but another 's come  
You little looked for !

*Face.* Who is that ?

*Dol.* Your master, 726  
The master of the house !

*Subt.* How, Dol ?

*Face.* She lies ;  
This is some trick. Come, leave your quibblings, Dorothy.

*Dol.* Look out, and see. [*Face looks out.*]

*Subt.* Art thou in earnest ?

*Dol.* 'Slight !  
Forty o' the neighbours are about him, talking. 730

*Face.* 'Tis he, by this good day !

*Dol.* 'Twill prove ill day

For some on us.

*Face.* We are undone, and taken.

*Dol.* Lost, I'm afraid.

*Subt.* You said he would not come  
While there died one a week within the liberties. 734

*Face.* No, 'twas within the walls.

*Subt.* Was't so? cry you mercy!—  
I thought the liberties. What shall we do now, Face?

*Face.* Be silent : not a word, if he call or knock.  
I'll into mine old shape again and meet him,  
Of Jeremy, the butler. In the meantime  
Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase, 740  
That we can carry in the two trunks. I'll keep him  
Off for to-day, if I cannot longer : and then  
At night I'll ship you both away to Ratcliff,  
Where we will meet to-morrow, and there we'll share.  
Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar ; 745  
We'll have another time for that. But, Dol,  
Prithee go heat a little water quickly ;  
Subtle must shave me : all my captain's beard  
Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy.  
You'll do it ?

*Subt.* Yes, I'll shave you, as well as I can—— 750

*Face.* And not cut my throat, but trim me ?

*Subt.* You shall see, sir !  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

Lovewit, Neighbours.

*Love.* Has there been such resort, say you ?

*First Neighb.* Daily, sir.

*Second Neighb.* And nightly, too.

*Third Neighb.* Aye, some as brave as lords — —

*Fourth Neighb.* Ladies and gentlewomen — —

*Fifth Neighb.* Citizens' wives! 3

*First Neighb.* And knights — —

*Sixth Neighb.* In coaches!

*Second Neighb.* Yes, and oyster women — —

*First Neighb.* Beside other gallants!

*Third Neighb.* Sailors' wives — —

*Fourth Neighb.* Tobacco-men!

*Fifth Neighb.* Another Pimlico!

*Love.* What should my knave advance

To draw this company? he hung out no banners 7

Of a strange calf, with five legs, to be seen ?

Or a huge lobster with six claws ?

*Sixth Neighb.* No, sir.

*Third Neighb.* We had gone in then, sir.

*Love.* He has no gift 10

Of teaching in the nose that e'er I knew of.

You saw no bills set up that promised cure 12

Of agues, or the tooth-ache?

*Second Neighb.* No such thing, sir.

*Love.* Nor heard a drum strook for baboons or puppets?

*Fifth Neighb.* Neither, sir.

*Love.* What device should he bring forth now?

I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment : 16

Pray God he have not kept such open house,  
That he hath sold my hangings and my bedding !

I left him nothing else. If he have eat them,

A plague o' the moth, say I ! Sure he has got

Some bawdy pictures to call all this ging ;

The Friar and the Nun ; or the new motion

Of the knight's courser covering the parson's mare ;

The boy of six year old with the great thing ;

Or 't may be he has the fleas that run at tilt 25

Upon a table, or some dog to dance.

When saw you him ?

*First Neighb.* Who, sir, Jeremy ?

*Second Neighb.* Jeremy Butler ?

We saw him not this month.

*Love.* How !

*Fourth Neighb.* Not these five weeks, sir.

*Sixth Neighb.* These six weeks, at the least.

*Love.* You amaze me, neighbours !

*Fifth Neighb.* Sure, if your worship know not where he is,  
He 's slipped away.

*Sixth Neighb.* Pray God he be made not away.

*Love.* Ha, it's no time to question, then ! [*He knocks.*]

*Sixth Neighb.* About

Some three weeks since I heard a doleful cry,

As I sat up, a mending my wife's stockings.

*Love.* 'Tis strange that none will answer! Did'st thou  
A cry, say'st thou? [hear

*Sixth Neighb.* Yes, sir, like unto a man 36  
That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.

*Second Neighb.* I heard it too, just this day three weeks, at  
Next morning. [two o'clock

*Love.* These be miracles, or you make them so!  
A man an hour strangled, and could not speak, 40  
And both you heard him cry?

*Third Neighb.* Yes, downward, sir.

*Love.* Thou'rt a wise fellow. Give me thy hand, I pray  
What trade art thou on? [thee.

*Third Neighb.* A smith, an't please your worship.

*Love.* A smith! then lend me thy help to get this door  
[open.

*Third Neighb.* That I will presently, sir; but fetch my  
[tools—

*Exit Third Neighbour.*

*First Neighb.* Sir, best to knock again, afore you break it.

*Love.* I will. *Enter Face.* [Knocks.

*Face.* [opening] What mean you, sir?

*First,* }  
*Second,* } *Neighb.*  
*Fourth* }

Oh, here is Jeremy! 47

*Face.* Good sir, come from the door.

*Love.* Why, what's the matter?



# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT V

*Face.* Yet farther, you are too near yet.

*Love.* I' the name of wonder!

What means the fellow?

*Face.* The house, sir, has been visited. 50

*Love.* What! with the plague! stand thou then farther.

*Face.* No, sir.

I had it not.

*Love.* Who had it then? I left

None else but thee in the house.

*Face.* Yes, sir, my fellow,

The cat that kept the buttery, had it on her

A week before I spied it: but I got her

55

Conveyed away in the night. And so I shut

The house up for a month— —

*Love.* How!

*Face.* Purposing then, sir,

To have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar,

And have made it sweet, that you should ne'er have known it:

Because I knew the news would but afflict you, sir. 60

*Love.* Breathe less, and farther off. Why, this is stranger!

The neighbours tell me all here that the doors

Have still been open— —

*Face.* How, sir!

*Love.* Gallants, men and women,

And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here

In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hogsden, 65

In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright!

*Face.* Sir,

Their wisdoms will not say so.

*Love.* To-day they speak  
Of coaches and gallants ; one in a French hood  
Went in, they tell me ; and another was seen  
In a velvet gown at the window ; divers more 70  
Pass in and out.

*Face.* They did pass through the doors then,  
Or walls, I assure their eye-sights--and their spectacles !  
For here, sir, are the keys --and here have been,  
In this my pocket, now above twenty days.  
And for before, I kept the fort alone there. 75  
But that 'tis yet not deep in the afternoon,  
I should believe my neighbours had seen double  
Through the black pot, and made these apparitions !  
For, on my faith to your worship, for these three weeks  
And upwards, the door has not been opened.

*Love.* Strange ! 80

*First Neighb.* Good faith, I think I saw a coach !

*Second Neighb.* And I too,  
I'd have been sworn !

*Love.* Do you but think it now ?  
And but one coach ?

*Fourth Neighb.* We cannot tell, sir : Jeremy  
Is a very honest fellow.

*Face.* Did you see me at all ? 84

*First Neighb.* No ; that we are sure on.

*Second Neighb.* I'll be sworn o' that.

*Love.* Fine rogues to have your testimonies built on !

*Re-enter Third Neighbour with tools.*

*Third Neighb.* Is Jeremy come?

*First Neighb.* Oh, yes you may leave your tools;  
We were deceived, he says.

*Second Neighb.* He has had the keys ; 88  
And the door has been shut these three weeks.

*Third Neighb.* Like enough.

*Love.* Peace, and get hence, you changelings.

*Face.* [*Aside*] *Enter Surly and Mammon.* Surly come!  
And Mammon made acquainted ! they'll tell all ! 91  
How shall I beat them off ? what shall I do ?  
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.

*Sur.* No, sir, he was a great physician. This,  
It was no bawdy-house ; but a mere chancel. 95  
You knew the lord and his sister.

*Mam.* Nay, good Surly—

*Sur.* The happy word, Be rich——

*Mam.* Play not the tyrant—

*Sur.* Should be to-day pronounced to all your friends.  
And where be your andirons now ? and your brass pots,  
That should have been golden flagons, and great wedges ?

*Mam.* Let me but breathe. What ! they have shut their  
Methinks ! [doors,

*Sur.* Aye, now 'tis holiday with them. 102

*Mam.* Rogues, cozeners, impostors, bawds !

[*Mammon and Surly knock.*

*Face.* [*Opening.*] What mean you, sir ?

*Mam.* To enter if we can.

*Face.* Another man's house ?

Here is the owner, sir. Turn you to him, 105  
And speak your business.

*Mam.* Are you, sir, the owner ?

*Love.* Yes, sir.

*Mam.* And are those knaves within, your cheaters?

*Love.* What knaves? what cheaters?

*Mam.* Subtle and his Lungs.

*Face.* The gentleman is distracted, sir ! No Lungs  
Nor lights have been seen here these three weeks, sir, 110  
Within these doors, upon my word !

*Sur.* Your word,  
Groom arrogant !

*Face.* Yes, sir, I am the house-keeper,  
And know the keys have not been out of my hands.

*Sur.* This is a new Face.

*Face.* You do mistake the house, sir :  
What sign was't at ?

*Sur.* You rascal ! This is one 115  
O' the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,  
And force the door.

*Love.* 'Pray you stay, gentlemen.

*Sur.* No, sir, we'll come with a warrant.

*Mam.* Aye, and then  
We shall have your doors open. [Exeunt.

*Love.* What means this ? 119

*Face.* I cannot tell, sir.

*First Neighb.* These are two of the gallants 120  
That we do think we saw.

*Face.* Two of the fools !  
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir,  
I think the moon has crazed them all. [*Aside.*] Oh me,  
The angry boy come too ! He'll make a noise, 124  
And ne'er away till he have betrayed us all.

[*Kastril appears without.*

*Kast.* What, rogues, bawds, slaves, you'll open the door  
[anon ! [*He knocks.*  
Punk, cockatrice, my suster ! By this light,  
I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore,  
To keep your castle——

*Face.* Who would you speak with, sir ?

*Kast.* The bawdy doctor, and the cozening captain, 130  
And puss my suster.

*Love.* This is something, sure !

*Face.* Upon my trust, the doors were never open, sir.

*Kast.* I have heard all their tricks told me twice over,  
By the fat knight and the lean gentleman.

*Love.* Here comes another.

*Face.* [*Aside.*] Ananias too ! 135  
And his pastor ! [*Enter Ananias and Tribulation.*

*Trib.* The doors are shut against us.

[*They beat at the door.*

*Anan.* Come forth, you seed of vipers, sons of Belial,

Your wickedness is broke forth ; abomination  
Is in the house.

*Kast.* Aye, my suster's there.

*Anan.* The place,

It is become a cage of unclean birds. 140

*Kast.* Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the constable.

*Trib.* You shall do well.

*Anan.* We'll join to weed them out.

*Kast.* You will not come then ? punk devise, my suster!

*Anan.* Call her not sister. She's a harlot verily.

*Kast.* I'll raise the street.

*Love.* Good gentlemen, a word. 145

*Anan.* Satan, avoid ! and hinder not our zeal.

[*Exeunt An., Trib. and Kast.*]

*Love.* The world's turned Bethlem.

*Face.* These are all broke loose,

Out of St. Katherine's, where they use to keep

The better sort of mad-folks.

*First Neighb.* All these persons

We saw go in and out here.

*Second Neighb.* Yes, indeed, sir. 150

*Third Neighb.* These were the parties.

*Face.* Peace, you drunkards ! Sir,

I wonder at it ; please you to give me leave

To touch the door, I'll try an the lock be changed.

*Love.* It mazes me !

*Face.* Good faith, sir, I believe

There's no such thing. 'Tis all *deceptio visûs*. 155

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT V

[*Aside*] Would I could get him away. [*Dapper cries out within.*

*Dap.* Master captain, master doctor! 156

*Love.* Who's that?

*Face.* [*Aside*] Our clerk within, that I forgot!—I know  
[not, sir.

*Dap.* For God's sake, when will her grace be at leisure?

*Face.* Ha!

Illusions, some spirit o' the air: [*Aside*] his gag is melted,  
And now he sets out the throat.

*Dap.* I am almost stifled—— 160

*Face.* [*Aside*] Would you were altogether!

*Love.* 'Tis in the house.

Ha, list!

*Face.* Believe it, sir, in the air!

*Love.* Peace, you!

*Dap.* Mine aunt's grace does not use me well—

*Subt.* [*within*] You fool!

Peace, you'll mar all!—

*Face.* [*whispers through the keyhole*] Or you will else, you  
[rogue!

*Love.* [*detecting him*] Oh, is it so? then you converse with  
Come sir. No more of your tricks, good Jeremy; [spirits!  
The truth, the shortest way!

*Face.* Dismiss this rabble, sir. 167

[*Aside*] What shall I do? I am caught.

*Love.* Good neighbours,

I thank you all. You may depart. [*Exeunt.*] Come, sir,  
You know that I am an indulgent master; 170

And therefore conceal nothing. What's your med'cine,  
To draw so many several sorts of wild fowl?

*Face.* Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit—  
But here's no place to talk on't in the street.  
Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune, 175  
And only pardon me th' abuse of your house :  
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow  
In recompense, that you shall give me thanks for,  
Will make you seven years younger ; and a rich one.  
'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloak ; 180  
I have her within. You need not fear the house ;  
It was not visited——

*Love.* But by me, who came  
Sooner than you expected.

*Face.* It is true, sir, 183  
Pray you forgive me.

*Love.* Well : let's see your widow. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A room in Lovewit's house.*

*Enter Subtle and Dapper, blindfold.*

*Subt.* How! have you eaten your gag?

*Dap.* Yes, faith, it crumbled  
Away in my mouth.

*Subt.* You have spoiled all then.

*Dap.* No! 186  
I hope my aunt of Faëry will forgive me.



*Subt.* Your aunt's a gracious lady : but in troth  
You were to blame.

*Dap.* The fume did overcome me,  
And I did do't to stay my stomach. Pray you 190  
So satisfy her grace. [*Enter Face in his uniform.*] Here comes

*Face.* How now ! is his mouth down ? [the captain.

*Subt.* Aye ! he has spoken !

*Face.* A pox, I heard him and you too. He's undone  
I have been fain to say the house is haunted [then.  
With spirits, to keep churl back.

*Subt.* And hast thou done it ?

*Face.* Sure, for this night.

*Subt.* Why, then triumph and sing  
Of Face so famous, the precious king 197  
Of present wits.

*Face.* Did you not hear the coil  
About the door ?

*Subt.* Yes, and I dwindled with it.

*Face.* Shew him his aunt, and let him be despatched :  
I'll send her to you. [*Exit Face.*

*Subt.* Well, sir, your aunt her grace 201  
Will give you audience presently, on my suit,  
And the captain's word that you did not eat your gag  
In any contempt of her highness. [*Unbinding Dapper's eyes.*

*Dap.* Not I, in troth, sir. 204

*Enter Dol, like the queen of Faëry.*

*Subt.* Here she is come. Down o' your knees and wriggle :

She has a stately presence. Good. Yet nearer, 205  
And bid, God save you!

*Dap.* Madam.

*Subt.* [*Aside to Dap.*] And your aunt.

*Dap.* And my most gracious aunt, God save your grace.

*Dol.* Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you:  
But that sweet face of yours hath turned the tide, 210  
And made it flow with joy, that ebb'd of love.  
Arise, and touch our velvet gown.

*Subt.* [*Aside to Dap.*] The skirts,  
And kiss them. So!

*Dol.* Let me now stroke that head.

*Much, nephew, shalt thou win; much shalt thou spend;  
Much shalt thou give away; much shalt thou lend.* 215

*Subt.* Aye, much, indeed! Why do you not thank her

*Dap.* I cannot speak for joy. [grace?

*Subt.* See the kind wretch!

Your grace's kinsman right.

*Dol.* Give me the bird.

Here is your fly in a purse. About your neck, cousin,  
Wear it, and feed it about this day sennight, 220  
On your right wrist——

*Subt.* Open a vein with a pin.  
And let it suck but once a week; till then,  
You must not look on't.

*Dol.* No. And, kinsman, 223  
Bear yourself worthy of the blood you come on.

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT V

*Subt.* Her grace would have you eat no more Woolsack  
Nor Dagger frumety. [pies,

*Dol.* Nor break his fast 226  
In Heaven and Hell——

*Subt.* She's with you everywhere!—  
Nor play with costermongers at mumchance, tray-trip.  
God make you rich, (whenas your aunt's done 't!), but keep  
The gallant'st company, and the best games——

*Dap.* Yes, sir. 230

*Subt.* Gleeke and primero: and what you get, be true to

*Dap.* By this hand, I will. [us.

*Subt.* You may bring's a thousand pound  
Before to-morrow night, if but three thousand  
Be stirring, an you will.

*Dap.* I swear, I will then. 234

*Subt.* Your fly will learn you all games.

*Face.* Have you done there?

*Subt.* Your grace will command him no more duties?

*Dol.* No:

But come and see me often. I may chance  
To leave him three or four hundred chests of treasure,  
And some twelve thousand acres of fairyland,  
If he game well and comely, with good gamesters. 240

*Subt.* There's a kind aunt! kiss her departing part.—  
But you must sell your forty mark a year now.

*Dap.* Aye, sir, I mean.

*Subt.* Or give't away; pox on't!

*Dap.* I'll give't mine aunt. I'll go and fetch the writing.

*Subt.* 'Tis well, away! [Exit.

*Re-enter Face.*

*Face.* Where's Subtle?

*Subt.* Here. What news?

*Face.* Druggier is at the door, go take his suit, 246

And bid him fetch a parson, presently:

Say he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt spend

A hundred pound by the service! [Exit Subt.] Now,

Have you packed up all? [Queen Dol,

*Dol.* Yes.

*Face.* And how do you like 250

The lady Pliant?

*Dol.* A good dull innocent.

*Re-enter Subtle.*

*Subt.* Here's your Hieronimo's cloak, and hat.

*Face.* Give me them.

*Subt.* And the ruff too?

*Face.* Yes, I'll come to you presently.

*Subt.* Now he is gone about his project, Dol, [Exit.

I told you of, for the widow.

*Dol.* 'Tis direct 255

Against our articles.

*Subt.* Well, we'll fit him, wench.

Hast thou gulled her of her jewels or her bracelets?

*Dol.* No, but I'll do it.

*Subt.* Soon, at night, my Dolly, 258

When we are shipped, and all our goods aboard  
Eastward for Ratcliff; we will turn our course 260  
To Brainford, westward, if thou say'st the word,  
And take our leave of this o'erweening rascal,  
This peremptory Face.

*Dol.* Content, I'm weary of him.

*Subt.* 'Thou'st cause, when the slave will run a wiving, Dol,  
Against the instrument that was drawn between us. 265

*Dol.* I'll pluck his bird as bare as I can.

*Subt.* Yes, tell her,  
She must by any means address some present  
'To the cunning man; make him amends for wronging  
His art with her suspicion; send a ring,  
Or chain of pearl; she will be tortured else 270  
Extremely in her sleep, say, and have strange things  
Come to her. Wilt thou?

*Dol.* Yes.

*Subt.* My fine flittermouse,  
My bird o' the night; we'll tickle it at the Pigeons  
When we have all and may unlock the trunks,  
And say, This is mine and thine; and thine and mine. 275

*Re-enter Face.* [*They kiss.*

*Face.* What now, a billing?

*Subt.* Yes, a little exalted  
In the good passage of our stock-affairs.

*Face.* Drugger has brought his parson; take him in,  
And send Nab back again to wash his face. [Subtle,

*Subt.* I will: and shave himself?

*Face.* If you can get him. [*Exit Subtle.*

*Dol.* You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er it is! 281

*Face.* A trick that Dol shall spend ten pound a month by.  
Is he gone?

*Re-enter Subtle.*

*Subt.* The chaplain waits you in the hall, sir.

*Face.* I'll go bestow him. [*Exit.*

*Dol.* He'll now marry her instantly.

*Subt.* He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol, 285  
Cozen her of all thou canst. To deceive him  
Is no deceit, but justice, that would break  
Such an inextricable tie as ours was.

*Dol.* Let me alone to fit him.

*Re-enter Face.*

*Face.* Come, my venturers, 289  
You've packed up all? where be the trunks? bring forth.

*Subt.* Here.

*Face.* Let us see them. Where's the money?

*Subt.* Here,  
In this.

*Face.* Mammon's ten pound: eight score before;  
The brethren's money, this; Drugger's; and Dapper's.  
What paper's that?

*Dol.* The jewel of the waiting-maid's,  
That stole it from her lady, to know certain—— 295

*Face.* If she should have precedence of her mistress?

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT V

*Dol.* Yes.

*Face.* What box is that?

*Subt.* The fish-wife's rings, I think.

And the ale-wife's single money. Is't not, Dol?

*Dol.* Yes : and the whistle, that the sailor's wife  
Brought you to know an her husband were with Ward. 300

*Face.* We'll wet it to-morrow : and our silver beakers,  
And tavern cups. Where be the French petticoats,  
And girdles and hangers?

*Subt.* Here, in the trunk,  
And the bolts of lawn.

*Face.* Is Druggers's damask there?  
And the tobacco?

*Subt.* Yes.

*Face.* Give me the keys. 305

*Dol.* Why you the keys?

*Subt.* No matter, Dol, because  
We shall not open them before he comes.

*Face.* 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed :  
Nor have them forth, do you see? not forth, Dol.

*Dol.* No?

*Face.* No, my smock-rampant ! The right is, my master  
Knows all, has pardoned me, and he will keep them ; 311  
Doctor, 'tis true—you look—for all your figures :  
I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good partners,  
Both he and she be satisfied : for here  
Determines the indenture tripartite, 315  
'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do

Is to help you over the wall, o' the back-side ;  
 Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown, Dol.  
 Here will be officers presently, bethink you  
 Of some course suddenly to 'scape the dock : 320  
 For thither you will come else. Hark you, thunder !

*Subt.* You are a precious fiend ! [*Loud knocking.*

*Officer.* Open the door.

*Face.* Dol, I am sorry for thee, i' faith. But hear'st thou?  
 It shall go hard, but I will place thee somewhere :  
 Thou shalt have my letter to Mistress Amo——

*Dol.* Hang you ! 325

*Face.* Or madam Cæsarean——

*Dol.* Pox upon you, rogue !

Would I had but time to beat thee.

*Face.* Subtle !

Let's know where you set up next : I'll send you  
 A customer, now and then, for old acquaintance ;  
 What new course have you ?

*Subt.* Rogue, I'll hang myself : 330  
 That I may walk a greater devil than thou,  
 And haunt thee i' the flock-bed and the buttery.

## SCENE III.

*An outer room in Lovewits house.*

*Enter Officers with Surly, Mammon and his fellow-victims,  
 Lovewit being within.*

*Love.* [*within*] What do you mean, my masters ?

*Mam.* Open your door,



Cheaters, bawds, conjurors.

*Officers.* Or we'll break it open. 334

*Love.* What warrant have you?

*Officers.* Warrant enough, sir, doubt not,  
If you'll not open it.

*Love.* Is there an officer there?

*Officers.* Yes, two or three for failing.

*Love.* Have but patience,  
And I will open it straight.

*Enter Face within, as butler.*

*Face.* [*to Love.*] Sir, have you done?  
Is it a marriage? perfect?

*Love.* Yes, my Brain. 339

*Face.* Off with your ruff and cloak then; be yourself, sir.

*Sur.* [*without*] Down with the door.

*Kast.* 'Slight, ding it open.

*Love.* [*opening the door*] Hold,  
Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence?  
[*They all rush in.*]

*Mam.* Where is this collier?

*Sur.* And my captain Face?

*Mam.* These day-owls——

*Sur.* That are birding in men's purses.

*Mam.* Madam suppository.

*Kast.* Doxy, my suster.

*Anan.* Locusts 345

Of the foul pit!

*Trib.* Profane as Bel and the dragon! 346

*Anan.* Worse than the grasshoppers or the lice of Egypt!

*Love.* Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers,  
And cannot stay this violence?

*i Officer.* Keep the peace.

*Love.* Gentlemen, what is the matter? whom do you seek?

*Mam.* The chemical cozener.

*Sur.* And the captain pander. 351

*Kast.* The nun my suster.

*Mam.* Madam Rabbi.

*Anan.* Scorpions,

And caterpillars.

*Love.* Fewer at once, I pray you.

*i Officer.* One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,  
By virtue of my staff——

*Anan.* They are the vessels 355

Of pride, lust, and the cart.

*Love.* Good zeal, lie still

A little while.

*Trib.* Peace, deacon Ananias.

*Love.* The house is mine here, and the doors are open :  
If there be any such persons as you seek for,  
Use your authority, search on o' god's name. 360  
I am but newly come to town, and finding  
This tumult 'bout my door, to tell you true,  
It somewhat 'mazed me ; 'till my man here, fearing  
My more displeasure, told me he had done

Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house, 365  
Belike presuming on my known aversion  
From any air o' the town while there was sickness,  
To a doctor and a captain : who, what they are,  
Or where they be, he knows not.

*Mam.* Are they gone?

[*They enter.*

*Love.* You may go in and search, sir. Here I find 370  
The empty walls worse than I left them, smoked,  
A few cracked pots, and glasses, and a furnace ;  
The ceiling filled with poesies of the candle :  
And madam, with a dildo, writ o' the walls.  
Only one gentlewoman I met here, 375  
That is within, that said she was a widow— —

*Kast.* Aye, that's my suster. I'll go thumper. Where is she?

*Love.* And should have married a Spanish count, but he,  
When he came to't neglected her so grossly,  
That I, a widower, am gone through with her. 380

*Sur.* How ! have I lost her then?

*Love.* Were you the don, sir?

Good faith, now, she does blame you extremely, and says  
You swore, and told her you had ta'en the pains  
To dye your beard, and umbre o'er your face,  
Borrowed a suit, and ruff, all for her love ; 385  
And then did nothing. What an oversight,  
And want of putting forward, sir, was this !  
Well fare an old harquebuzier yet,

Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit,  
All in a twinkling !

*Re-enter Mammon.*

*Mam.* The whole nest are fled ! 390

*Love.* What sort of birds were they ?

*Mam.* A kind of choughs,  
Or thievish daws, sir, that have picked my purse  
Of eight-score and ten pounds, within these five weeks,  
Beside my first materials ; and my goods,  
That lie in the cellar, which I'm glad they've left, 395  
I may have home yet.

*Love.* Think you so, sir ?

*Mam.* Aye.

*Love.* By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.

*Mam.* Not mine own stuff ?

*Love.* Sir, I can take no knowledge,  
That they are yours, but by public means.  
If you can bring certificate that you were gulled of them,  
Or any formal writ out of a court 401  
That you did cozen yourself, I will not hold them.

*Mam.* I'll rather lose them.

*Love.* That you shall not, sir,  
By me, in troth. Upon these terms they're yours.  
What, should they have been, sir, turned into gold all ?

*Mam.* No——  
I cannot tell.—It may be they should.—What then ? 406

*Love.* What a great loss in hope have you sustained ?

*Mam.* Not I, the commonwealth has.

*Face.* Aye, he'd have built  
The city new ; and made a ditch about it  
Of silver, should have run with cream from Hogsden ; 410  
That every Sunday in Moorfields the youngers,  
And tits and tom-boys should have fed on, gratis.

*Mam.* I will go mount a turnip-cart and preach  
The end of the world within these two months.—Surly,  
What ! in a dream ?

*Sur.* Must I needs cheat myself 415  
With that same foolish vice of honesty ?  
Come, let us go, and hearken out the rogues.  
That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.

*Face.* If I can hear of him, sir, I'll bring you word  
Unto your lodging ; for in troth, they were strangers 420  
To me ; I thought them honest as myself, sir.

[*Excunt Mammon and Surly.*]

*Re-enter Tribulation and Ananias.*

*Trib.* 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet. Go,  
And get some carts——

*Love.* For what, my zealous friends ?

*Anan.* To bear away the portion of the righteous  
Out of this den of thieves.

*Love.* What is that portion ? 425

*Anan.* The goods sometimes the orphans', that the brethren  
Bought with their silver pence.

*Love.* What, those in the cellar,

The knight sir Mammon claims?

*Anan.*

I do defy

The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren.

Thou profane man, I ask thee with what conscience 430

Thou canst advance that idol against us,

That have the seal? were not the shillings numbered,

That made the pounds? were not the pounds told out

Upon the second day of the fourth week,

In the eighth month, upon the table dormant, 435

The year of the last patience of the saints,

Six hundred and ten?

*Love.*

Mine earnest vehement botcher,

And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you.

But if you get you not away the sooner,

I shall confute you with a cudgel.

*Anan.*

Sir!

440

*Trib.* Be patient, Ananias.

*Anan.*

I am strong,

And will stand up, well girt, against an host

That threaten Gad in exile.

*Love.*

I shall send you

To Amsterdam, to your cellar.

*Anan.*

I will pray there

Against thy house: may dogs defile thy walls, 445

And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof,

This seat of falsehood, and this cave of cozenage.

[*Exeunt Ananias and Tribulation.*]

# THE ALCHEMIST

ACT V

*Enter Druggier.*

*Love.* Another too?

*Drug.* Not I sir, I'm no brother.

*Love.* Away, you Harry Nicholas! do you talk?

*[He beats him away.]*

*Face.* No, this was Abel Druggier. Good sir, go, 450  
And satisfy him; tell him all is done: *[To the Parson.]*

He stayed too long a washing of his face.

The doctor, he shall hear of him at Westchester;

And of the captain, tell him, at Yarmouth, or

Some good port-town else, lying for a wind. 455

If you can get off the angry child now, sir—

*Enter Kastril, dragging in his sister.*

*Kast.* Come on, you ewe, you have matched most sweetly,

Did not I say I'd never have you tupp'd *[have you not?]*

But by a dubbed boy, to make you a lady-tom?

'Slight, you're a mammet! Oh, I could touse you now.

Death, mun' you marry with a pox?

*Love.* You lie, boy; 461

As sound as you; and I'm aforehand with you.

*Kast.* Anon!

*Love.* Come, will you quarrel? I will feize you, sirrah!  
Why do you not buckle to your tools?

*Kast.* God's light!

This is a fine old boy as e'er I saw! 465

*Love.* What, do you change your copy now? proceed,  
Here stands my dove: stoop at her if you dare.

*Kast.* 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot choose, i' faith!  
An I should be hanged for't. Suster, I protest,  
I honour thee for this match.

*Love.* Oh, do you so, sir? 470

*Kast.* Yes, an thou canst take tobacco and drink, old boy,  
I'll give her five hundred pound more to her marriage  
Than her own state.

*Love.* Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.

*Face.* Yes, but go in and take it, sir.

*Love.* We will.

I will be ruled by thee in anything, Jeremy. 475

*Kast.* 'Slight, thou'rt not hide-bound! thou'rt a jovy boy;  
Come let us in, I pray thee, and take our whiffs.

*Love.* Whiff in with your sister, brother boy! That  
That had received such happiness by a servant, [master  
In such a widow, and with so much wealth, 480  
Were very ungrateful and if he would not be

A little indulgent to that servant's wit,  
And help his fortune though with some small strain  
Of his own candour. [*Advancing.*] Therefore, gentlemen,  
And kind spectators, if I have outstripped 485

An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think  
What a young wife and a good brain may do;  
Stretch age's truth sometimes, and crack it too.  
Speak for thyself, knave.

*Face.* So I will, sir. Gentlemen,  
My part a little fell in this last scene. 490  
Yet 'twas decorum. And though I am clean



## THE ALCHEMIST

ACT V

Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,  
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Drugger, all  
With whom I traded ; yet I put myself  
On you that are my country : and this pelf  
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests  
To feast you often, and invite new guests.

495

[*Exeunt omnes.*

# GLOSSARIES



## GLOSSARY.

- ADELANTADO**—(III., ii., 261): a Spanish grandee; “a lord deputy or president of a county.”—Minsheu. Span. *Adelantar*, to exalt.
- ADROP**—(II., i., 405): “Among alchemists denotes either that precise matter, as lead, out of which the mercury is to be extracted for the philosophers’ stone: or it denotes the philosophers’ stone itself, inasmuch as this is also called *saturn* and *plumbum*, or lead; *azar*, *azane*, and *lapis ipse*.”—Rees’ *Chambers’ Cyclop.* (1781–6). In Ripley (1471).
- AFFRONT**—(II., i., 112): a haughty or insolent stare.
- AFOREHAND**—(IV., i., 196, 205; V., iii., 462): evidently a technical term in the *duello* language.
- ALEMBIC**—(II., i., 99, 658; III., ii., 53): spelt also ‘lembeck’ and ‘limbeck’ in Ben Jonson. That part of the still in which the distilled matter was collected, the head. The word bears a different signification now. (II., i.) Occurs in Chaucer.
- ALMANACK**—see DAYS (ill and good).
- ALUDELS**—(II., i., 245): “*Aludel* & *alutel*, est vitrum sublimatorium.”—*Lexicon Chymicum* (1652). Subliming pots.
- AMUSED**—(I., i., 417): in wonderment; lost in thought. Cotgrave has “*Amuser*—to amuse; to make to muse, or think or gaze at and wonder,” etc. Compare *Sejanus* (V., 6). Gifford’s note here is wrong.
- ANGEL**—(I., i., 236, etc.): a gold coin, sometimes called a Harry Angel, worth about ten shillings. It is constantly mentioned (as here) in order to pun. Angels were much clipped, and therefore ‘light,’ so that the punning is sometimes fast and furious on account of the forbidden luxury of swearing on the stage. “By this candle, which is none of God’s angels.”—

Dekker's *Satiromastix* (1602). And again in Dekker's *Honest Whore*: "As light as a clipped angel."—Middleton's *Blurt* (II., i.) Nares gives two examples of this joke from Shakespeare. "By this good light," occurs at III., ii., 436.

ARGAILE—(I., i., 450): crude cream of tartar, obtained from the lees of wine casks. Occurs similarly in Chaucer's *Chanouns Yemannes Tale*, where it is written as it should be: *argoile*—a form of *argol*, origin unknown. Gifford's note confuses two distinct things, 'argil' and 'argol.'

ARGENT VIVE—(II., i., 95): silver supposed to be vivified by alchemical processes. Quicksilver.

AQUEITY—(II., i., 663): the principle of being watery. Coined apparently from Lat. *aqueus*. Jonson is responsible for these three Latinisms (and many others): 'aqueity,' 'terreity' and 'sulphureity.'

ARS SACRA—(II., i., 592): Alchemy.

ART, CAN BEGET BEES—(II., i., 387): alluding to the doctrine of equivocal generation. Sir Thomas Browne (a believer) deals with it—*Vulgar Errors* (Book II., ch. 6). See also Harrison's *England*, (III., 6).

ATHANOR—(II., i., 255): "*Athanor* or *Athanas*, a chymical or spagyric furnace."—Howell's *Vocabulary* (1659). "A large immovable furnace, built of earth and brick, and covered with a tower at the top proper to maintain a temperate and equal degree of heat for a considerable time."—Chambers' *Cyclop.* (1781). The *athanor* is also called *PIGER HENRICUS* (q.v.). An Arabic term. In Ripley (1471).

AURUM POTABILE—(III., i., 41): a cordial of dissolved gold, formerly highly esteemed as a tonic. Jonson referred to it before in *The Fox* (I., 1). The old pharmacopœias give recipes, but it is now disused. "A most sovereign cordial to me, more operative than bezar; of more virtue than potable gold or the elixir of Amber."—Howell's *Letters* (1621). It is mentioned also in the

*Play of Stucley*, l. 293 (circa 1600). Faber's *Arcanum* (lvii,) is: "To make *aurum potabile*, which will cure all diseases and infirmities, and prolong life."—*Polygraphices*, by W. Salmo. Dr. Anthony published a treatise in its favour at Cambridge in 1611.

AUSTRIAC LIP—(IV., i., 55-6): a sweet fulness of the lower lip in the Austrian family was hereditary, and held in high esteem.—Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling* (p. 173, 1653). Howell, speaking of the Infanta, says this feature was "held a beauty in the Austrian family."—*Letters* (I., 3, 9, 1622). It is often alluded to by contemporary writers—Burton, Shirley, etc. "An Austrian Princess by her Roman Nose."—Massinger's *Renegado* (I., i., 1624).

AZOTH—(II., i., 406): properly *azoth*, "The Alchemists' name for mercury, the essential first principle of all metals."—*N.E.D.* "Azoth *abluit sordes a Latone; Laton et azoth semper sunt simul.*"

*Lexicon Chymicum* (1652). Azoth was "more particularly that which the ancient chymists call the *mercury of the philosophers*, which they pretend to draw from all sorts of metallic bodies."

Chambers' *Cyclop.* In Norton (1477).

BALNEO, IN—(II., i., 251; III., ii., 188): in the bath. "When the heat is communicated to the vessel containing the body to be distilled through any medium, as that of boiling water or hot sand, the body is said to be distilled in a water bath or sand bath; the chemists having agreed to call the medium serving for the communication of heat to the distilling or subliming vessel, a bath."—*Gifford* (trans. from *Lexicon Alchym.*). IN BALNEO VAPOROSO—(II., i., 318): in a hot bath. ST. MARY'S BATH or *balneum Mariæ* (II., i., 271), is defined in the *Nomenclator* (1585). "BALNEUM MARIÆ *vulgus pharmacopæorum nuncupat*, a double vessel which being set over another kettle doth boile with the heat thereof seething—a still: called *balneum Mariæ.*"

**BARB**—(I., i., 114): to clip, or pare. Nares gives instances from Marston and Carew of 'barb' in the sense 'to mow.'

**BARBEL**—(II., i., 186): the 'mullus' of Lampridius (from whom this passage is taken) in his *Life of Heliogabalus*. The true barbel (*Cyprinus*) is a worthless fish, abundant in the Thames. Even were there any question about it, 'beards' would be conclusive, since this is characteristic of all the mullets.

**BASKET, TOO HEAVY ON THE**—(I., i., 106): eating more than his share of the broken provisions sent to the prisoners from the Sheriff's table, etc. Constantly alluded to in the Dramatists.

**BATH OF ST. MARY**—(II., i., 271): see *BALNEO*.

**BEECH-COAL**—(I., i., 476 ; II., i., 126-7): charcoal, made from beech, was necessary to the Alchemists. It is referred to in Chaucer's *Chanouns Yemannes Tale*, Iyly's *Gallathea* (II., 3., etc.). "This jollie Alchemyst . . . foisteth into the . . . coles a beechen cole, within the which was conveyed an ingot of perfect silver," etc.—Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, rept., p. 297 (1584).

**BIRDS, UNCLEAN**—(IV., iv., 671): see *UNCLEAN*.

**BITE THINE EAR**—(II., i., 541): in excessive gratification. So Chapman: "He bit me by the ear and made me drink Enchanted waters."—Biron's *Tragedie* (Act V.). And Jonson: "I could bite off his nose now . . . I could eat his flesh."—*Every Man Out*, etc. (Act IV., iv. ; V., iv.).

**BOLT**—(V., ii., 304): a 'transferred use' of the word, applied to rolls of woven fabric, generally of a definite length. Greene has: "A boulte of saten, veluet, or any such commoditie"—*Art of Coneycatching* (1592).

**BOLT'S-HEAD, or BOLT-HEAD**—(II., i., 113, 246, 283 ; III., ii., 53, etc.): "a long, straight-necked, glass vessel or receiver, gradually rising to a conical figure."—*Whalley*. A retort.

BONA ROBA—(II., i., 699): a harlot. "One of those whom Venus is said to rule."—Motteux's *Rabelais*.

BOTCHER—(III., ii., 162; V., iii., 437): seems to have been a nickname for the Puritan faction; a follower of JOHN OF LEYDEN (*q.v.*)

Compare Jasper Mayne: "The brethren,

*Botchers* I mean, and such poor zealous saints

As earn five groats a week under a stale

By singing Psalms . . . are fain

To turn . . . teachers and prophets."—*City Match* (II., i.)

And Nashe, *The Unfortunate Traveller* (Grosart, V., 59), 1594:

"Heare what it is to be Anabaptists, to bee puritans . . . counted illuminate botchers for a while." A *botcher* was a tailor.

BOY OF SIX—(V., i. 24): this prodigy is referred to again in Beaum. and Fletch., *Knt. of Burning Pestle* (III., ii.). And compare Shakspeare's *Henry VIII.* (V., iv., 34).

BRACH—(I., i., 111): "A Brache is a mannerly name for all Hound-Bitches."—N. Cox, *Gentleman's Recreation* (p. 22).

BUFO—(II., i., 660): Latin, 'a toad.' See before in the same scene, "Your toad, your crow, your dragon and your panther" (l. 404). Gifford interprets it the 'black tincture.' Perhaps prepared from the Bufonite, or Toad-stone, to which many fanciful virtues were ascribed.

BUZ—(I., i., 369): this word, as well as *HUM*, was used by persons connected with the 'black art' in their invocations, and it was also supposed to be the language of fairies and spirits themselves. The satyrs, in Jonson's *Masque of Oberon*, sing "*hum*, quoth the blue-fly; *buz*, quoth the bee. They both hum and buz, and so do we." When Fitzdottrel is possessed (*The Devil is an Ass*, V., v.) he says 'buz' several times, and also 'hum.' Gifford quotes a passage from Selden (vol. iii., p. 2077), showing that the word 'buz' was used in invocations. Chapman gives the word to sylvans in the *Gentleman Usber*. See *HUM*.



- CALCE, CALX—(II., i., 274, 614): to ‘calcine’ is to reduce a metal to an oxide by the action of heat. What is now called an oxide was formerly called a metallic calx.—Skeat’s *Chaucer*. CALCINATION (II., i., 602): was one of the twelve gates or processes.—See Ripley.
- CALF WITH FIVE LEGS—(V., i., 8): monsters were in great demand. Jonson mentions a “bull with five legs,” *Bart. Fair* (III., i.); and in Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Wit Without Money* (II., 4; *Dyce*, IV., 127) the expression “as wonderful as calves with five legs” occurs.
- CALVERED—(II., i., 184): an elaborate process of cooking fish formerly in use. It is described by Izaak Walton, and mentioned in Massinger’s *Maid of Honour* (III., i.).
- CAMEL’S HEELS—(II., i., 179): “a portion of ‘Apicius’ diet against the epilepsy.”—From Lampridius’ *Life of Heliogabalus*.
- CANDLE, POESIES OF THE—(V., iii., 373): see POESIES.
- CANDOUR—(V., iii., 484): honour, fair reputation. A sense used also by Massinger: “Dispensing with my dignity and candour.”—*Guardian* (III., i.); and again in his *Parliament of Love* (IV., iii.). The present is the earliest example quoted in the *N.E.D.* in this sense (‘stainlessness of character’). It is a derivative of the earlier use, ‘whiteness,’ ‘brilliancy.’
- CARPS’ TONGUES—(II., i., 179): considered a great delicacy. Izaak Walton says: “it is certain they are choicely.” See *Compleat Angler*, Chap. 19. Massinger mentions them (*City Madam*, II., i.) as made into pies.
- CART—See RIDE.
- CASTING FIGURES—(IV., iv., 611; *Argt.*, l. 10): plotting horoscopes or nativities.
- CAUL—(I., i., 327): to be born with a caul on one’s head was held fortunate. The caul itself is still prized by seamen against drowning, and occasionally advertised for five pounds. Sir

Thomas Brown calls it "the involution, or membranous covering commonly called the silly-how." See his remarks on this 'continued superstition'—*Vulgar Errors* (Bk. V., Chap. 22).

CEDAR-BOARD—(II., i., 87): "For although the worme entrench almost into every wood, yet he eateth not the cedar-tree."—Lyly's *Euphues*, p. 73 (Rep. Arber), 1579. See also *Dictionarium Rusticum et Urbanicum* (1704).

CERATION—(II., i., 602): reducing to the consistency of wax. See INCERATION.

CHEESE—(II., i., 750; III., ii., 343): 'breeds melancholy.' So Burton, "Milk and all that comes of milk, as butter and cheese, curds, etc., increase melancholy (whey only excepted, which is most wholesome)."—*Anat. of Melancholy*, I., ii., 2, 1 (1621).

CHIAUS—(I., i., 225, 234): Gifford gives a circumstantial account of a 'chiaus' (Turkish envoy) who 'levanted' with money from English agents in 1609. He says "The frequent use of the word at this period is owing to the knavery of Sir Robert Shirley's chiaus." Hence Gifford derives 'chouse,' but Gifford's note must be taken (like his 'frequent') with reserve. See *N.E.D.* under Chouse. Shirley uses the term in the same sense in *Honoria and Mammon* (ante 1659); and spelt as now it occurs in Head's *English Rogue*, "when the time comes for payment he may be choused and cheated of all."—Rept. II., 193 (1664). Jonson's use in this sense is the earliest, but the derivation his spelling assigns is doubted.

CHIBRIT—(II., i., 406): sulphur. "Abric, kibrit, chybur, est sulphur."—*Lexicon Chymicum, per Gulielmum Jonsonum Chymicum* (1652). See also Howell's *Vocabulary* (1659). *N.E.D.* has no examples of *kibrit* earlier than 1700.

CHINA-HOUSES—(IV., ii., 400): shops for the sale of china came into existence about this time, and, like the Exchange, were favourite places for assignations. This is noticed by our

author earlier (*Epicæne*, IV., ii.). The same fashion is referred to in Wycherley's *Country Wife*, IV., iii. (1675). 'China dishes' have an early mention (1603) in *Measure for Measure*. But there is a still earlier one (1600), in T. Weelkes' *Madrigals of Six Parts*—"The Andalusian Merchant that returns Laden with cochineal and china dishes." Bullen gives the song in his *More Lyrics*, etc. I have nowhere met so early a reference, however, as the following: "They have in this port of Naudad ordinarily their ships which goe to the islands of China which are certain Islands which they have found within these seven yeeres [1565]. They have brought from thence gold, and much cinamom, and dishes of earth, and cups of the same, so fine, that every man that may have a piece of them will give the weight of silver for it."—Henry Hawke's *Travels in Mexico* (1572).

CHRIST-TIDE—(III., ii., 92): puritans avoided the Popish word 'mass' with horror. So 'Nativity pie' stands for Christmas pie in *The Fox* (I., i.).

CHRYSOPEIA—(II., i., 593): "*Chrysopæa*, the art of making gold."—Phillips' *New World of Words* (1678). Compare French *Chrysopée* (the art of turning other metals into gold).

CHRYSPERME—(II., i., 400): seed of gold, literally. These two alchemical terms are given in the New English Dictionary with present references only. It was a maxim with the searchers after the stone that "The seed of gold is lodged in all metals" (Salmon's *Polygraphices*.)

CIBATION—(I., i., 151): the seventh process. Feeding the matter in preparation with fresh substances, to supply waste from evaporation, etc. See under RIPLEY.

CINOPER—(I., i., 451): an obsolete form of 'cinnabar.' It is spelt 'sinoper' in Bullokar's *English Expositor* (1616).

- CITRONISE—(III., ii. 178): to bring to the colour of citron, a stage in the process towards producing the stone. *Citration*, this stage of the process, is mentioned by Chaucer.
- CLAP—(IV., iv., 567): a flaw in reputation. Used similarly in the *Magnetic Lady* (IV., i.).
- CLEAN LINEN—(I., i., 374; III., ii., 433): fairies' love of clean shirts and clean linen in general is well known. So Middleton, "Put me on a pure clean shirt, leave off your doublet (for spirits endure nothing polluted)."—*Family of Love* (II., iv.).
- COCKSCOMB—(I., i., 115): metaphorical for halter. Alluded to again (IV., iv., 659; and II., i., 278) in a mocking sense.
- COHOBATION—(II., i., 602): "a term in Chymistry, which signifies a pouring off the distilled liquor on its *feces*, and distilling it again."—Phillips' *New World of Words* (1678).
- COITUM—(IV., iv., 585): compare Chapman, "As pensive as stallion after coitum."—*Revenge for Honour* (I., i.). The word is misprinted (as many others are) in Pearson's wretched edition (III., 294). Fletcher has the same ungraceful simile.
- COLOUR—(III., ii., 228): plot, plan, semblance.
- COMMODITY—(II., i., 14; III., ii., 385, 390): moneylenders used to insist on their clients receiving a portion of the loan in goods (commodity) to make what they could out of them, a method which was full of fraud, and is constantly referred to. Brown paper was a frequent commodity. See Hall's *Satires*, IV., v. (1597) and Gascoyn's *Steel Glas*.
- COOKS' STALL (and 'YOUR MEAL OF STEAM')—I., i., 26: compare *Rabelais*, (III., 37).
- COP—(II., i., 702): a conical point or summit. The ancient French mode of wearing a hood. Jonson uses the word, referring to a hill in *The Forest*.

COPY, TO CHANGE—(V., iii., 466): to turn over a new leaf; to change one's pattern; a frequent expression in writers of the time. See Lyly's *Euphues* (Arber's rept., p. 30), and Hazlitt's *Dodsley* (I., 76).

CORSIVE—(I., i., 476): corrosive.

COSTERMONGER, IRISH—(IV., i., 57): this trade in London was monopolised (like that of chimney-sweeps, and footmen or runners) by the sons of Erin. "In England . . . there all costermongers are Irish."—Dekker's *Honest Whore*, 2nd Pt. (1603).

COUNTENANCE—(I., i., 43): credit; trust. An old law term. Occurs again in *Every Man in His Humour* (Act III., i.).

COVETISE—(II., i., 258): covetousness. An old form occurring in *Piers Plowman* (and elsewhere in Jonson).

COXCOMB—See COCKSCOMB.

CROSSLET—(I., i., 477) Fr. *croisset*: a cruet; crucible; or little pot such as goldsmiths melt their gold in.—*Cotgrave*. In Chaucer, and Lyly's *Gallathea*.

CROW } (II., i., 278, 279): a stage in the process of forming  
CROWSHEAD } the Elixir. A new-born crow, in the process of fermentation, was a sign of the departed dragon, and very hopeful.

CUCURBITE—(I., i., 477; II., i., 582): a glass vessel shaped like a gourd, used as a retort. In Chaucer.

CUSTARD—(I., i., 247; III., ii., 139): enormous custards, made like pies with nooks and corners and fortifications, were very commonly served, especially at civic feasts. They are constantly referred to as aldermanic. The side-light this passage throws upon the table manners of the time is very entertaining.

DAYS (ILL AND GOOD)—I., i., 469 : these omens derived from almanacks are not yet obsolete. Moore's Almanack in Dublin is, or was till very recently, a case in point. Ben Jonson alludes to this again in the *Magnetic Lady* (IV., i.): "You read almanacs . . . and choose your mistress By the good days and leave her by the bad."

DEVISE—(V., i., 143): precise ; exact. As in the phrase 'point devise.'

DIAMETER, IN—(III., ii., 334): the lie direct. According to Gifford, Vincentio Saviolo was the authority on the *duello* at this time. But Caranza was much more popular, apparently ; Jonson mentions him four times ; Massinger twice, etc.

DIMENSIONS—(I., i., 74): a term of the *duello* ; rules. Brome uses the word of rules generally: "Dimensions, Rules and Directions."—*Merry Beggars* (Act II). A sense unnoticed in the *N.E.D.*

DOG-BOLT—(I., i., 121): a frequent term of abuse, used by Iyly, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, etc. Its import is not very obvious.

DOGS, DANCING—(V., i., 26): dancing dogs are mentioned by Ben Jonson as forming part of the Bartholomew Fair shows. "The dogs that dance the morrice."—*Bartholomew Fair*, V., iii. (1614). Trained dogs occurred from the earliest times.

DOLPHIN'S MILK—(V., i., 160): the dolphin was often introduced metaphorically in descriptions of beauty. "She is fairer than the dolphin's eye."—*A Merry Knack to Know a Knave* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, VI., 14) 1594.

DON—(II., i., 516; I., i., 170): *i.e.*, Dominus, as in Don Provost, Don Face. Jonson has Don again in *Tale of a Tub* (II., i.). He does not use the corrupted form *Dan* of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, etc. A Spaniard of high rank, and hence a Spaniard generally.

DONZEL—(IV., i., 287; IV., iv., 584): Nash uses this word: "donsel herring," in *Lenten Stuff* (written 1598). Beaumont and Fletcher have it in *Philaster* (V., iv.). A young man or squire of good birth (Italian). It became familiar from the popular *Knight of the Sun* (Donzel del Phœbo) 1589.

DORMICE—(II., i., 179): esteemed a great delicacy among the Romans. "But the most exquisite animal was reserved for the last chapter, and that was the Dormouse, a harmless creature whose innocence might at least have defended it both from cooks and physicians."—King's *Art of Cookery*, Letter 9 (circa 1700).

DRAGON—(II., i., 404): a stage in the process of fermentation for producing the Elixir. "Dragon's teeth," a name for corrosive sublimate (II., i.). Howell's *Vocabulary*, sec. xlviii. (1659) has "Fel Draconis, Quicksilver out of tin." Borrowed from the Jason legend. The Dragon entered largely into Rosicrucian Mysteries. "The brethren of the Rosie Cross strove to obtain corporeal light (lvx.), i.e., the seed or menstruum of the red dragon, which, digested in may-dew, and modified, produced gold. All other explications of this term are false and chimerical."—Mosheim's *Eccles. Hist.*, IV., iv., 30 (note). This cult was to appear presently (1615-16) in the region of Jonson's researches. See his *Fortunate Isles*. The above doctrines were utilised by the Rosicrucians from the early chemists.

EAR-RENT—(I., i., 169): see EARS and RIDE.

EARS, ANSWER BY THE—(IV., iv., 618): rogues, cutpurses, bawds, etc., were whipped, carted and put in the pillory, where their ears were slit, cut off, bored or branded with a hot iron or otherwise disfigured. An Act to this effect was passed in 1572. Jonson and others often refer to this ear-punishment, as in *Every Man in His Humour* (III., i.); *Staple of News* (II., i.; V., i.); *Fox* (III., vi.).

ENTRAILS (OF A CLOAK)—(II., i., 16): the allusion to the rich lining of a cloak is a pointed one. Harrison in his *Description of England* (1575), says "Their clokes must be garded, laced . . . and sometimes so lined as the inner side stands in almost as much as the outside." And Marston, "hee is all one with a fellow whose cloke hath a better inside than his outside, and his body richer lined than his braine."—*What You Will*, V., i. (1607). Gifford refers to Purchas (1619), to the same effect.

ÉPHEMERIDES—(IV., iv., 612): almanacks designed to exhibit the daily position of the heavenly bodies at noon, and their influences. Frequently mentioned. The *N.E.D.* refers to Bishop Hall and Bacon.

EPIDIDYMIS—(III., ii., 233): late Latin, from Greek ἐπιδιδυμῖς. A term in human anatomy. It is used by Brome, a faithful follower of Jonson, in his *Court Beggar*.

EQUI CLIBANUM—(I., i., 83): probably the hot-house or stove (*clibanus*) due to the temperature of horse-dung, which *see*.

ER—(II., i., 691): a word (R) coined to represent a dog's sound. "R is the dog's letter, and hurreth in the sound."—Ben Jonson's *English Grammar*. Barclay, in *The Ship of Fools*, calls R 'the dog's letter'—Jamieson's edition, I., 182 (1509). "They arre and bark at night against the moon."—Nash's *Summer's Last Will*—Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, VIII., 44 (1592). And *see* Erasmus' *Adages* at the word *canina facundia* as quoted in Motteux' *Rabelais* (IV., 7).

ESTRICH—(II., i., 173): a common old form of *ostrich*.

EYEBRIGHT—(V., i., 66): apparently, like Pimlico (*q.v.*), the name of a suburban tavern. It is mentioned in a tract recently reprinted by Mr. Bullen: *Pimlyco; or Runne Redcap* (1609):

"Eyebright, (so famed of late for Beere)  
Although thy name be numbred heere,  
Thine ancient Honors now runne low;  
Thou art struck blind by Pimlyco."



FACTION—(I., i., 155): quarrelling, disputation. "They remained at Newbury in great faction among themselves."—*Clarendon*.

FAIRIES—(III., ii., 469): their favours must be kept secret. See also Ben Jonson's *Satyr*, "an old and toothless wile," and *Epicæne* (V., i.). And Massinger's *Fatal Dowry* (IV., i.).

FALL—(II., i., 521): a ruff or band which, instead of being plaited round the neck, fell down over the neck. These became very popular in James the First's reign, apparently having come from France *via* Scotland in compliment to him. "Enter a tailor . . . with a Scotch farthingale and a French fall in his arms."—*Eastward Ho*, I., i. (1605). In *Westward Ho* they are called 'Scotch falls' (II., 2). But there is an easy confusion between 'falls' and 'falling bands.'

FAMILIAR—(I., i., 192): an attendant spirit, or 'fly.'

FEATHER—(I., i., 129): the Puritans dwelling in Blackfriars were chiefly dealers in feathers, starchers, tirewomen, confection-makers, bugle-makers, and such like vanities. Peacock feathers were much in use. Gifford notes the inconsistency here of precept and practice. Feathers were worn by both sexes, and feather fans were much in vogue. For Blackfriars' trade see *Bartholomew Fair*, by our author (V., iii.); and *Westward Ho*, (II., 1), by Webster; and see Bullen's edition of *Marston* (I., 202; *Induction to Malcontent*). See also Randolph's *Muse's Looking Glass* (I., i., 2).

FEIZE—(V., iii., 463): to beat into shreds. In Shakespeare, and still in use in the North.

FIGS, To LICK—(I., i., 3): the story to which allusion is here made will be found in *Rabelais* (Bk. IV., ch. xlv.). Rabelais was a great favourite of Ben Jonson's, and his characters are often alluded to.

*FIMUS EQUINUS*—(III., ii., 188): horse-dung. See for its use *LAC VIRGINIS*, and elsewhere.

*FIRE Drake*—(II., i., 26): a suitable epithet (like 'Lungs') for *FACE*, from his avocation and red face. Properly a will-o'-the-wisp. The word is similarly used of one who was "a brazier by his face" in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.* (V. iv.).

*FIVE AND FIFTY*—(I., i., 246): the highest number to stand on at the game of *primero*. So in the play *Albumazar* (printed 1614), "I set ten shillings and sixpence, you see't, my rest, five and fifty. Boy, more cards."—III., v. And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Chances*, "Farewell, five and fifty."—I., viii.

*FIXATION*—(II., i., 312, 603): the process of rendering fixed.

"Do that there be fixation  
With temperate hetes of fyre."

—Gower's *Conf. Amant.* (IV., xlvii.).

*FLAWED*—(IV., i., 348): 'flayed.' "*FLAWE*, to flay an animal."  
—*Prompt. Parvul* (IV., 47). See Halliwell's *Dictionary*.

*FLEAS*—(V., i., 25): much might be written about trained fleas. See notes on *Rabelais*, V., 22, who refers to Socrates and Aristophanes on the subject. Jonson draws thence in *The Devil is an Ass* (V., ii.) See also *New Inn*, (I., i.), and *Vision of Delight*.

*FLITTERMOUSE*—(V., ii., 272): an old name for the bat, 'the bird of the night.' Used as a witch's ingredient. See *Sad Shepherd* (II., ii.; III., ii.), by Ben Jonson; and Middleton's *Witch* (I., ii.).

*FLUSH*—(I., i., 246): a term at *primero*. If the holder had also 'five and fifty' his hand swept the table.

*FLY* (*passim*): a familiar spirit, or attendant to a witch. Any parasite. *Mosca* in *The Fox* (Ben Jonson) is a fly, and the name 'Fly' is given to the parasite in *The New Inn*.

*FOIST*—(IV., iv., 634): a cheat. A different sense from *PUCKFOIST* (*q.v.*).

**FRENCH BEANS**—(I., i., 403): not our *Phaseolus vulgaris* (kidney bean), which was hardly known at this time, but probably the old broad bean. In Sidney's *Arcadia* occurs the passage, "O breath, more sweet than is the growing bean" (1598). Beans were known from the earliest times. Perhaps they came from Egypt by way of France to England.

**FRIAR AND THE NUN**—(V., i., 22): this appears to have been a sign in Old Jewry, the site of the Windmill Tavern (*Every Man in His Humour*). In Heywood's *If you know not me, &c.*, pt. II., 1606 (Pearson's rept., p. 282), the following passage occurs: "I, sure, 'tis in this lane. I turned o' the right hand coming from the stocks. But sure, this is the lane; there's the 'Windmill'; there's 'the Dog's Head' in the Pot; and here's the 'Friar whipping the Nun's a——.'" And Udall's *Erasmus* (1542), "To syng songs of the Frere and the Nunne with other semblable merie jestes at weddynges."—Roberts' reprint, (p. 274). A line from the song on the subject ("He whipt her with a foxes tail, Barnes minor") is quoted in Chettle's *Kind Harts Dreame* (1592).

**FRICACE**—(III., ii., 89): frication, rubbing. Occurs half-a-dozen times in Ben Jonson. Also in Elyot's *Castell of Health*.

**FROST, THE GREAT**—(III., ii., 257): in 1607-8 there were "fires and diversions on the Thames."

**FUBBED**—(IV., i., 346): cheated, fobbed. Cartwright (a follower of Ben Jonson) uses the word. "I do profess I won't be fubbed, ensure yourself."—*The Ordinary* (IV., iv.). Massinger has it in his *Unnatural Combat* (III., i.).

**FUCUS**—(I., i., 447; II., i., 703): a paint or cosmetic for the complexion. A very common term in Ben Jonson, and used by his later contemporaries. He has 'fuke' (*Sejanus*). Nabbes uses 'fucations.' Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* (1600) is the earliest

reference I know where a recipe is given (V., ii.). Gervase Markham's *Countrie Farm (Maison Rustique)* gives three classes of fucus. Several prescriptions are given in Salmon's *Polygraphices*. Jonson digs deep into this subject in the *Devil is an Ass*, IV., i. (1616), when Spanish fucuses were the rage. Compare Holland's *Plinie* Bk. xxiii., ch. iv., p. 163 (1601): "Datestones . . . calcined . . . and with some nard among, they make fukes to paint and embellish the eye-brows."

*FURNUS ACEDIÆ, TURRIS CIRCULATORIUS*—(III., ii., 52): a slow fire (ἀκνῆδα). "*Furnus acediæ sive incuriæ, ubi uno igne et parvo labore diversi furni foventur.*"—I. ex. Alch. "*Turris circulatorius est vas vitreum, ubi infusus liquor adscendendo et descendendo quasi in circulo rotatur.*"—*Ibid.* (Gifford). An *ATHANOR* (q.v.) was called popularly the tower furnace, *furnus turrilus* (Chambers).

*GLASS*—(I., i., 97; IV., i., 234, 244): the beryl or other crystal into which mock astrologers conjured their spirits. Usually engraved with the names of angels. See DEE, DR. (*Proper Names*). "The black stone into which Dr. Dee used to call his spirits was in the collection of the Earl of Peterborough, whence it came to Lady Elizabeth Germane. It was next the property of the late Duke of Argyll, and is now Mr. Walpole's. It appears to be nothing but a polished piece of cannel coal. . . . Edward Kelly was appointed his seer or speculator."—Granger's *Biography*, I., 272 (1775). Hence Butler speaks of Kelly's feats on the glass (*Hudibras*, II., III., V., 631).

*GLEEK*—(V., ii., 231; II., i., 500): a game at cards played by three people. A hand of the game is played out in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, a play by J. Cook (1614). Very popular, and a fashionable game.

*GOD MAKE YOU RICH*—(V., ii., 229): from a passage in the author's *Love Restored*, this appears to have been a game at tables.

GODWITS—(II., i., 185): these were esteemed a great delicacy. "The puet, godwit, stint, the palate that allure."—Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 25. Godwits are mentioned amongst "Achates in Fowls" in an interesting list provided for the Queen's entertainment at Gorhambury (1577). They were priced at 2d. apiece (Nichol's *Progresses*, II., 57), about twenty pence of our money.

GOLD-END MAN—(II., i., 568): an itinerant peddling jeweller, who buys odds and ends of gold and silver. So in Dekker's *Old Fortunatus*, "Have you any ends of gold or silver."—Pearson's rept., I., 114 (1600). See also *Eastward Ho* (II., i.).

GOLDSMITH—(I., i., 406): used here as equivalent to usurer. Goldsmiths were the moneylenders and bankers of the time. This is Gifford's explanation, but I suspect a hidden meaning. The quarto edition reads 'goldmith,' which does not help much.

GREEN LION—(II., i., 130): a stage in the fermentation process for forming the elixir. The text in several places, as here, affords a better interpretation of alchemical jargon than any commentator could, or than any other authority upon the subject does. In Ashmole's *Theatrum Chemicum* there is an article by Andrewes, *The Hunting of the Green Lion* (1652), —Hazlitt.

GRIPE'S EGG—(II., i., 250): a vessel shaped like the egg of a griffon vulture, or else the fabulous griffin. Perhaps it was a cup made from an ostrich egg.

GROOM PORTER—(III., ii., 356): an officer of the King's household whose business it was to superintend all matters connected with cards, dice, bowling and other recognized games for gambling at court; and to see chairs, tables, stools and firing provided for the same. He had the privilege of keeping a free table at Christmas. The office was abolished in the reign of George III.

GUINEA BIRD—(IV., i., 38): 'guinea hen' is possibly an old cant name for a prostitute (*see* my edition of *Othello*, I., 3). But the allusion here is perhaps to "St. James, his ginny hens," to be seen in London in 1611. *See* H. Peacham's lines prefixed to Coryat's *Crudities*. Elsewhere Jonson calls the bird "Afra avis."

HAY—(II., i., 281): a net used for catching rabbits.

HEAUTARIT—(II., i., 406): perhaps the same as "*Hyarith*, a word used by some of the affected chemical writers for silver."—Rees' Chambers' *Cyclop.* (1778). Another suggestion is "Hetalibit est Terebinthina."—*Lexicon Chymicum*. And Howell has "Altaris, *Altarit*, Alozet, Quicksilver." The word is not in the least likely to be of Greek origin. Not in *N.E.D.*

HELM—(II., i., 270, 470): the helmet, or head of the still.

HERMES' SEAL—(II., i., 289): hermetically sealed. *See* *LUTUM SAPIENTIS*. Hermes Trismegistus was supposed to have been the inventor of alchemy and to have lived in the fourth century. *N.E.D.* has a quotation from "Timme, 1605," explaining this term.

HETEROGENE—(II., i., 590): Jonson uses this word several times (*Magnetic Lady*, *Neptune's Triumph*, *New Inn*) for 'heterogeneous.'

HIGH COUNTRY WINES—(IV., i., 157): Rhenish wines were much used. Nashe says: "Let's go to the stillyard and drink Rhenish wine."—*Pierce Pennilesse* (Grosart's *Nashe*, II., 83), 1592. Shirley, later, speaks of the same Dutch tavern: "The Dutch magazine of *sauce*, the Steelyard, Where Deal, and Backragge, and what strange wines else, shall flow."—*Lady of Pleasure*, V., i. (1635). Jonson mentions 'Dele wine' (one of the 'high country wines') in *Mercury Vindicated* about this time (that of the *Alchemist*). Howell, in *Familiar Letters*, II., 53 (1634) is enthusiastic about Backrag and the wines of the Palatinate.

**HOLLOW COAL**—(I., i., 94): this ‘cozening’ consisted in foisting into the crucible containing the ingredients for producing silver, a ‘beechen coal’ with a hole in it filled with silver, carefully stoppered in. This melted, and success was demonstrated. See Chaucer’s *Chanouns Yemannes Tale* (quoted by Gifford), and Reginald Scot’s *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (quoted at BEECH-COAL), 1584 (rept., p. 297).

**HOLLOW DIE**—(II., i., 9): a die, hollowed out and so loaded as to run either high or low.

**HOMO FRUGI**—(II., i., 201): a temperate, frugal man. The reference is to Terence’s *Hominis frugi et temperantis, functus officio*: one who has acted the part of a virtuous and temperate man. So Sir J. Harington, in *A Briefe View*, etc. (*Nugæ Antiquæ*, I., 141, 1608): “a provident man that was ever *homo frugi*.”

**HORSE-DUNG**—(I., i., 84): a necessary vehicle in the process of ‘digestion.’ Thus Hall:—

“Conjure the chymic mercury  
Rise from his horse-dung bed and upwards fly.”

—*Satires* (Book II.), S. 4.

In Salmon’s *Polygraphices* (Book VI., ch. 94), may-dew is digested for fourteen days in horse dung, and then distilled *in balneo* to a quarter part four times over”; out of this pure matter is made an elixir of a wonderful virtue in transmuting metals.” See *FIMUS EQUINUS*.

**HOUSE**—(I., i., 96): astrological. A sign of the zodiac, with reference to planetary influences.

**HOUSEHOLD ROGUES**—(IV., iv., 580): co-operating (held) together in one house. Similarly ‘household spies.’—*Fox* (III., 6.).

**HOT**—(Argt., I. 1.): The suggestion that “the sickness hot” means ‘greatly prevailing’ is improbable. Compare the exact expression in a previous play: “let me not live if I did not hear the sickness was in town very hot.”—Webster’s *Westward Ho*

(III., ii., 1607). "Hot" was applied to the disease technically, as a virulent form. Dudley Carleton refers to it in a letter dated June 8, 1609 (*Court and Times of James I.*, I., 100): "The town is at this present very empty and solitary, there being nothing thought on by reason of the sickness, but *fugæ et formidines*." Ben Jonson is always exact, he was writing his play when the above was penned by the courtier. See SICKNESS.

Hoy—(III., ii., 225): a small Dutch vessel. Ben Jonson tells us elsewhere (*Fox*, IV., i.), that she carried but three men and a boy.

HUM AND BUZ—(I., i., 368, 9): this combination may have assisted in the compound of later date, 'humbug,' where 'bug' means a fairy. See BUZ.

HUM AND HA—(III., ii., 104): a kind of solemn grunt the Puritanical divines made use of when at a loss for language in their discourses. See also *Bartholomew Fair* (I., i.); and the *Masque, World in the Moon*, by Jonson; Beaumont and Fletcher have "my solemn hum's and ha's."—*Lovers' Progress* (I., i.). Compare also Brome's *New Academy* (IV., 5).

IMBIBITION—(II., i., 269): absorption. "*Imbibitio est ablutio, quando liquor corpori adjunctus elevatur, et exitum non inveniens in corpus recidit.*"—Gifford. The above is from *Lexicon Alchemicum*.

IMPORTUNE—(II., i., 218): molesting, troublesome (middle-English). Skeat quotes from *Romaunt of the Rose* (5,635). As an adjective it seems to have become obsolete in Jonson's time, though the verb is common in Shakespeare, etc.

INCERATION—(II., i., 299): "*Inceratio est mistio humori cum re sicca, per combibitionem lentam ad consistentiam cere remollita.*"—*Lexicon Alchemicum* (Gifford). The bringing of a substance to the condition of wax.—*N.E.D.*



INCOMBUSTIBLE—(III., ii., 80): an odd use of the word, but the term 'combustibles' is still in vulgar use for medicines. Ripley (cited in *N.E.D.*) makes use of the word in *Comp. Alch.* (1471).

IRISH COSTERMONGER—See COSTERMONGER.

IRISH WOOD ('GAINST COBWEBS)—(II., i., 88-9): Ireland's freedom from venomous animals, conferred by St. Patrick, extended to spiders, which were regarded as poisonous. This is often alluded to:

"As on Irish timber, your spider will  
Not make his web."

—Beaumont and Fletcher's *Honest Man's Fortune* (III., i.).

See also Webster's *A Monumental Column*, and Shirley's *St. Patrick for Ireland*, etc. Spiders were perhaps considered poisonous from accounts of foreign spiders, several of which are so. Pliny says, "the blew spider, which carrieth a black downe" is very poisonous.—Book xxix., ch. 4, p. 360. Evidently a foreigner.

ITCH, SHARDS WILL CURE THE —(IV., iii., 546, 547): from the sulphur contained.

JOVY—(V., iii., 476): jovial. Occurs again in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub* (I., ii.). Fletcher has it in *Wild Goose Chase* (III., i.). Jovial appears in Shakespeare, earlier, and in Jonson several times.

JUNCTURA ANNULARIS—(IV., i., 222): The joint of the ring-finger. "In the Annular or Ring-finger, a line rising from the Mons Solis (the mount of the Ring-finger) straight through the joints thereof, shews honoured glory."—Salmon's *Polygraphices* (Cap. 49; 13).

JUNIPER, FIRE OF—(I., i., 405): fire of juniper wood lasted a long time without replenishing, hence suitable in tobaccoists' shops

and fires for cooking (*Bartholomew Fair*, III., i.). Its sweet-smelling smoke made it also desirable, and it was constantly used for sweetening apartments. No doubt it helped to disguise the dock-leaves, colts-foot and other sophistications used by the tobacco dealers. Upton quotes Cardan, "a coal of juniper, if covered with its own ashes, will retain its fire an whole year."

*KEMIA*, *IN*—(II., i., 314): in *chymia*; in analysis by chemical preparations. Gr., *Χημεία*, chemistry. In Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, III., ii. (chorus), "An alderman in *chymia*" is spoken of, *i.e.*, one in analysis. A similar process to that of the present passage is detailed in *Eastward Ho*, IV., i. (by Jonson, Chapman and Marston) showing that Jonson had already [1605] turned his attention to these subjects. The expression there is, "Put them [substances] into a glass into chymia, and let them have a convenient decoction," etc.

*KNIGHT*—(II., i., 191, 725): an allusion to James's creation of knights at so much per head. A very common source of sarcastic merriment.

*KNOT*—(II., i., 185): this bird was esteemed a delicacy in the 16th century. It is frequently mentioned in the *Northumberland Household Book* of that period.

*LAC VIRGINIS*—(II., i., 399): this 'virgin's milk' has nothing to do with the fucus prepared from benzoin and alcohol, called by the same name, and mentioned twice by Ben Jonson. "Of drawing forth the virgin's milk" is the xxiii. of Peter John Faber's *Arcana* as translated in Salmon's *Polygraphices*. It is a distillation of may-dew and *aqua fortis* in which sublimated mercury is dissolved and putrefied for a month in warm horse-dung (see *FIMUS EQUINUS*). "This is that which is called *lac*

*virgineum* or virgin's milk." It was called also mercurial vinegar. "As water of Litharge, which would not misse With water of Azot to make *lac virginis*."—T. Norton (1477).

LADY-TOM—(V., iii., 459): a titled tom-boy. See TOM-BOY.

LAPIS MINERALIS—(II., i., 498) } different names for the philo-  
LAPIS PHILOSOPHICUS—(II., i., 619) } sopher's stone.

LATO—(II., i., 406): "*Laton est aurichalcum*"—*Lexicon Chymicum* (1652). "*Orichalcum*, a kind of mountain brass, metal of great price."—Ainsworth. "*Orichalcum* . . . was a metal well known to the ancients. It was made by mixing an earth with copper while in fusion; but what that earth was, we are not informed."—Chambers' *Encyclopædia* (1782). "Latten" was a common translation of *orichalcum*. See AZOCH for an alchemical view of it.

LAUGHED, AND GREW FAT—(III., ii., 247): a proverb. It occurs in Dekker's *Old Fortunatus* (1600); and is the name of a tract by Taylor, the water poet. "Many . . . will laugh and be fat and say, So we get the chinks we will bear with the stinks."—Sir John Harington's *Met. of Ajax* (1596).

LAUNDRING—(I., i., 114): washing gold in *aqua regia* to extract the metal. 'Sweating' it.

LEMBIC—(III., ii., 53): the same as ALEMBIC (*q.v.*). Shakespeare has 'limbeck,' in his *Sonnets*.

LILY-POT—(I., i., 402): an ornamental jar for growing or setting lilies in, or for other purposes. Here it is used as a tobacco jar of exceptional virtue and sweetness. The word requires some explanation, and is not common. From the following instances it seems to be of wide signification: "By the Duchess of Suffolke—a lylly pot of agathe, a lylly flower growing out of it, garnished with roses of rubyes and diamonds."—*New Year's Gifts to Queen Elizabeth* (1578-9). Nichol's *Progresses* (II., i., 251).

In Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation*, a lily-pot is mentioned as a watermark on paper, a sense in which it is well known. In Brome's *Covent Garden Weeded* (II., 2), in a scene in a tavern: "Y'are welcome, gentlemen, take up the lily-pot," the reference seems to be to a bough-pot. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother* there is a pun: "Never move, attempt to search my Lilly-pot," Lilly being the name of the character referred to. The *Lily-pot* was a frequent religious emblem.

LINE—(II., i., 733): by line. As accurately as if by rule and measurement. A carpenter's expression. Compare Shakespeare's "by line and level" (*Tempest*).

LIONS, TO SEE THE—(IV., i., 293): Gifford remarks, "I had no idea that the phrase of 'seeing the lions' was of such venerable antiquity." It is probably much older. In R. Greene's *Never Too Late*, a prose romance (1590), occurs: "That, to use the *old proverb*, he had scarce seen the lions." It is also in Barry's *Ram Alley*, Act V. (1611), and Bastard's *Chrestoleros* (1598). It is in our author's *Cynthia's Revels*, V., ii. (1601).

LIVERY, THREE-POUND-THRUM—see THREE-POUND-THRUM.

LUNA, OIL OF—(II., i., 314): luna meant silver in alchemy. The name still lives in 'lunar caustic,' nitrate of silver. See OIL. See MARS.

LUNARY—(II., i., 498): the fern moonwort, *Botrychium Lunaria*. It is mentioned by Chaucer: "And herbes coude I telle eek mony oon, As egremoine, valerian, and lunarie."—*Chanouns Yemannes Tale*. And it is in Lyly's *Gallathea*. Gerarde says: "It hath been used among the alchymists and witches to do wonders withall."

LUNGS—(II., i., 27, *et passim post*): a name given to the stoker of the alchemical furnace, who blew the bellows. It occurs frequently in this play, and Jonson uses it again: "the art of kindling the true coal by Lungs."—*Underwoods*, 62.

*LUTUM SAPIENTIS*—(II., i., 500): "*lutum sapientie* is the hermetical seal; made by melting the end of a glass vessel by a lamp, and twisting it up with a pair of pliers."—Chambers' *Encyclop.* (1782). Lute (*lutum*, mud, clay) was a composition used at the juncture of vessels to prevent any escape.

MAGISTERIUM—(I., i., 497; II., i., 615; III., ii., 179): the mastery or accomplishment of the great work, the philosopher's stone. "Mastery" occurs IV., i., 120, and elsewhere.

MAGNESIA—(II., i., 403): a mineral (distinct from modern 'magnesia') mentioned by Chaucer as the same as 'Titanos' in *Chanouns Yemannes Tale*, as an alchemist's desideratum. It is perhaps our 'gypsum.'

MALLEATION—(II., i., 608): the test or process of hammering. So in *Eastward Ho* (IV., i.), "I will blanch copper so cunningly that . . . it shall endure malleation, it shall have the ponderosity of *luna*," etc.

MAMMET—(V. iii., 460)—Fr. *Mammette*: a doll or puppet. The word is used by Dekker, Massinger, Marston, etc.

MARCHESITE—(II., i., 403): usually spelt 'marcasite' (It. *Marchesita*). An old name for iron pyrites, but the term had a vague meaning. "A sort of metallic mineral supposed by many to be seed or first matter of minerals . . . in which case it would be called *ore*."—Chambers. "Given indifferently to all sorts of minerals, to ores, pyrites . . . lately it seems to be confined to pyrites."—*Dictionary of Chemistry*. It is mentioned by T. Norton (1477).

MARS—(II., i., 285): iron. Chaucer is good authority here:

"The bodies seven, lo! here have anone  
Sol gold is and Luna silver we threpe  
Mars yron, Mercury quicksilver we clepe  
Saturnus leade, and Jupiter is tinne  
And Venus copir."—*Chanouns Yemannes Tale*.

In his valuable notes Professor Skcat gives a reasonable view of how these names arose.

MATHEMATICS—(IV., i., 83): astrology.

MAUTHER—(IV., iv., 641): a young girl; a maid. Often spelt 'mother,' and still in use provincially.

MERCURIAL FINGER—(I., i., 423): the little finger. Whalley quotes Cardan here: "*Sunt etiam in nobis vestigia quedam futurorum eventuum* IN UNGUIBUS, *atque etiam* IN DENTIBUS," etc.

MERCURY—(II., i., 375): the following extract from Harrison's *Description of England* (Book III., chap. XI.) illustrates this passage and the alchemists' views of mercury and sulphur: "All mettals receive their begining of quicksilver and sulphur, which are as mother and father to them, and such is the purpose of nature in their generation; that she tendeth alwaies to the production of gold, neverthelesse she seldom reacheth unto that hir ende bicause of the unequall mixture and proportion of these two in the substance engendered . . . if the deception (?) swerve a little it produceth silver, the daughter, not gold the mother" (son?). See MARS.

MERDS—(II., i., 410): fæces; excrement.

METOPOSCOPY—(I., i., 418): divination from the study of the forehead. Pliny dilates on it. Our author's authority is still Cardan.

MINE OWN MAN AGAIN, TO BE—(IV., iii., 524): Jonson has this phrase several times. It occurs as early as Gower's *Confessio Amantis* (1393), and as late as Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*.

MODERN—(IV., i., 23): Cotgrave has "*Moderne*: modern, new, of this age, of these times, in our times." Hence it came to mean slight, trivial, or even worthless. It is frequently so used in Shakespeare. Compare *Othello* (I., iii., 109); and our author's *Poetaster* (Act V.), where "no modern consequence" would be replaced by "no slight consequence" sarcastically.

*MONTE VENERIS*—(IV., i., 221): "The Mount of Venus is the tuberculum of the thumb."—*Polygraphices*. Jonson calls it also "Venus bank."

*MUMCHANCE*—(V., ii., 228): a game played either with dice or cards. It is generally referred to as a game with dice. See *Westward Ho*, II., ii. (Webster), and *What You Will*, III., i. (Marston), both plays of this period. See also *Rabelais* (I., xxii.), and Cotgrave under *Chance*. Rainoldes, in *Overthrow of Stage Plays* (1593), condemns this game for Oxford students.

*MYROBOLANE*—(IV., i., 217): a kind of dried plum from the East Indies. Cotgrave mentions several kinds. In the *Nomenclator* (1585) it is called the 'nut of Egypt.' The fruits of various species of *Terminalia* were so called and used as drugs. "Mirabolans of all sorts from Cambala."—Will Baret (1584)—Hakluyt.

*NAG*—(I., i., 288): Marston (*Satire* III.) uses 'nag' in the sense of 'cheat' or 'swindle,' which seems more appropriate to the context than 'a running nag.' But the same words occur in Massinger: "A nag of forty shillings, a couple of spaniels With a sparhauke"—*City Madam* (V., i., 2). And 'a four nobles nag' is spoken of in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Honest Man's Fortune* (V., i.).

*NAILS, MARK ON*—see *MERCURIAL FINGER*. These superstitions still exist in varied forms amongst the ignorant.

*NATURE NATURIZED*—(II., i., 64): *Natura naturans* and *Natura naturata*, were schoolmen's terms for the Creator, or Nature herself; and "whatsoever is conteyned in the compas of the world." In *The Four Elements* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, I., 2, 1519) "Natura Naturata" is a character. He gives a somewhat different definition from that above, which is Gabriel Harvey's in *Three Proper Letters*—Grosart's edition I., 54 (1580). See also

Lyly's *Campaspe* (1584), where the expression is referred to Aristotle.

NOBLE—(III., ii., 440, 1): a coin—value six shillings and eightpence.

NOSE, TEACHING IN THE—(V., i., 11): see TEACHING.

NOSTRILS, HIT ONE THROUGH THE—(IV., i., 184): equivalent to "put one's nose out of joint." The expression occurs in Dekker's *Satiromastix* (1602).

'ODSLID, or 'SLID—(I., i., 160); 'ODSO; 'ODS-WIL—(IV., ii., 418) etc.: many of these corrupted oaths occur in the *Alchemist*, and elsewhere in Jonson's works. This formula received correction at the hands of Chaucer and Langland. See Skeat's note to the *Perdoneres Tale* (Vol. V., 275); and to his *Piers Plowman* (Vol. II., 282). The Irish were addicted to it, according to Howell, who makes a noble protest against such blasphemies (Letters I., v., 12). Stubbs did not forget it: "Sometymes no parte thereof [of Christ] shal be left torne by these bloudie villaines."—*Anatomic of Abuses* (Shaksp. Soc.)—Bk. II., p. 132-3.

OIL OF HEIGHT—(II., i., 402): height is frequently used by Jonson in the sense of top, glory, or perfection. This is the "red elixir for transmutation of all other metals into Sol." It is a most red "oyl . . . wonderful in preserving health . . . projected on base Metals it transmutes them into fine gold; projected on Sol it changes it into a medicine of the same virtue; cast on crystals it produceth Rubies and Carbuncles."—Salmon's *Polygraphices* (VI., 93).

OIL OF LUNA—(II., i., 314): the white elixir. "One part of this oyl will transmute . . . any other Metal into Luna [silver] . . . if you proceed yet farther and make this *Oleum Lune*, thus prepared, volatile, and then bring it again to a fixed oyl, it will transmute all other Metals into fine Luna."—Salmon's *Polygraphices*, VI., 92 (1671). One of Faber's cxii. *Arcana*.



OIL OF TALC—(III., ii., 85): a famous wash the for complexion. 'Turner's oil of talc is mentioned by Jonson (*Underwoods*, 53) as being a valuable fucus. Whalley quotes from Fuller's *Worthies* that it was "lawful because clearing not changing the complexion." Its method of preparation will be found in Salmon's *Polygraphices*. It was made from 'Venetian Talk,' and "this cosmetick, if rightly prepared, is worth about five pounds an ounce."

OIL, RED AND WHITE—(II., i., 269-70): *compare* Chaucer's *Chanouns Yemannes Tale* (ll. 797-805); and Skeat's Note. *See* OIL OF HEIGHT.

ON—(II., i., 360; III., ii., 270; IV., iv., 649; V., i., 85; etc.): of.

OUT OF HAND—(IV., iv., 708): immediately.

OVER-LOOK—(IV., i., 266): to look down upon, despise, insult over. *Compare* Shakespeare's *Henry V.* (III., 5, 9).

OWN MAN AGAIN, TO BE ONE'S—*see* MINE OWN.

PAMPHYSIC } (II., i., 594): all-glorious and all-powerful (?). These  
PANARCHIC } terms are unknown elsewhere to me, except the latter  
in the Greek.

PASSTIME—(I., i., 207): a watch; *i.e.*, an implement for 'passing the time of day.' I have no other instance of the word; and in Shakespearian writers the expression is 'give the time of day.'

PAVIN—(IV., ii., 364): a grave and stately dance, which we derived from Spain. Ford, in his *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* (I., ii.), and *Lady's Trial* (II., i.) twice calls it the Spanish pavin, as it is styled here. Not derived, as formerly stated, from '*pavo*,' a peacock; but from *Padua*. *See* notes to Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* (V., i.).

PELICAN—(II., i., 288; III., ii., 53; IV., iii., 515): a sort of retort with a fine end (like a bird's beak), capable of being hermetically sealed. This alembic was specially devised for convenience in

COHOBATION (*q.v.* in Chambers). In Phillips' *New World of Words* (Appendix) *Pelican* is defined as "among chymists, a circulatory or circulating vessel" (1678).

PELLITORY O' THE WALL—(III., ii., 415): this plant (*Parietaria officinalis*) is not, and was not, generally credited with medicinal power against headache. But pellitory of Spain (*Anacyclus pyrethrum*) had such virtues, as testified by Parkinson, Culpepper, and other herbalists. It is still cultivated in Southern Europe for its properties, and has a place in the pharmacopeia. But there is no knowing what a cunning woman could do.

PERFUME, MISTS OF—(II., i., 152-3): *see* also Ben Jonson's *Masque of the Barriers*. Gifford quotes from the classics in support of these accompaniments; and *see* Bacon's *Essay Of Masques and Triumphs*. In Nichol's *Progresses* (II., 319)—'Devices at the Tiltyard' (1581)—we read: "Which ended, the two canons were shot off, the one with sweet powder and the other with sweet water, verie odoriferous and pleasant." The image was, therefore, appropriate and familiar.

PHILOSOPHER, TO LAUGH . . . WEEP—(II., i., 525-6): a reference to Heraclitus and Democritus. *See* Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. The following passage shows the popularity of the emblem. Who was the painter?

"A painter lately with his pensill drew  
The picture of a Frenchman and Italian,  
With whom he placed the Spaniard, Turke and Jew;  
But by himselfe he set the Englishman.  
Before these, laughing, went Democritus;  
Behind them, weeping, went Heraclitus."

—Tom Telltroth, 1600 (New Shaksp. Soc., 1877, p. 122).

PHILOSOPHER'S VINEGAR—(II., i., 315): the method of preparing this, "the true vinegar of the chymists, most sharp, and

dissolving all things," will be found in Salmon's *Polygraphices*, *Lib.* VI., ch. 104. It is prepared by distillation of maydew and the loadstone combined. See *LAC VIRGINIS*.

PHILOSOPHER'S WHEEL—(II., i., 254): "Frequently mentioned by Ripley . . . it betokens a very hopeful state of the process, though not so forward a one as the CROW'S HEAD."—Gifford.

PHLEGMA—(II., i., 581): "The fourth of the chemical elements, or elementary principles."—Chambers. *Phlegm* was 'the insipid drops of water which come over first in the distillation of minerals' (or of inodorous vegetables).

PIECES OF EIGHT (III., ii., 226): pieces of eight testons, or testers, are mentioned before in *Every Man in His Humour* (II., i.): "In 1590 a piece of eight testers, commonly called the Portcullis crown, was coined in England for exportation to the East Indies . . . it was equal to a Spanish dollar, or piece of eight reals, and to four shillings and sixpence in English."—Wheatley's edition of *Every Man in His Humour*, from Leake's *English Money*. Massinger mentions them.

PIGER HENRICUS—(II., I., 659): "Piger Henricus; slothful Harry. A fantastical name for a slow distilling chemical furnace; called also an *athanor*."—Chambers' *Cyclop.* (ed. Rees). It is in Phillips' *New World of Words* (1678).

PIMLICO (V., i., 66): see PROPER NAMES; and see EYEBRIGHT.

PIN-DUST—(II., i., 650): very fine dust. "Beat thee to pin-dust."—Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleased* (III., iv.). In Nichol's *Progresses* occurs "Delivered the 26 day of January—one reame of paper, halfe a pound of pyn-dust, and halfe a pound of wax," etc.—II., 290 (1579–80). Said to be derived from the waste in making pins, which were commonly of brass. "His brazen wall is battered to Pin dust."—Gabriel Harvey's *Pierces Supererogation* (Grosart, II., 325) 1593.

- PISTOLET—(III., ii., 226; IV., i., 289): the older form of ‘pistole,’ a Spanish gold coin worth about 16s. 8d. An early example is in Eden’s translation of *Vertomanus*—Hakluyt’s edition (1811); IV., 592 (1576): “sold for one peece of golde to the value of a croune or pistolet.”
- POESIES OF THE CANDLE—(V., iii., 373): posies—properly rhyming couplets or texts, which were abundantly in vogue on trenchers, linen garments, rings, knife-handles, etc. Elsewhere Ben Jonson speaks of a ‘poesie of a ring,’ and many of these ‘posy rings’ are extant. With reference to the present passage, compare Herrick’s *Hesperides*: “And seeling flee From that cheap candle baudery.”—Grosart’s edition, II., 50 (1649). See Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Philaster* (II., 4), and especially Florio’s *Montaigne* (III., 5).—Tudor edition, p. 184 (1603).
- POMANDER-BRACELETS—(I., i., 504): balls or tablets of various indurated pastes, worn either as a perfume or as antidotes (‘preservatives’) against infection. See Nares and notes to *Winter’s Tale*. Pomander bracelets were sometimes costly ornaments, set with agates and gold. See *List of New Year’s Gifts presented to Queen Elizabeth* (1573–4).—Nichol’s *Progresses*.
- PORTAGUE—(I., i., 461; III., ii., 239; IV., i., 288): a Portuguese coin of gold, worth about £3 10s. Probably frequent in this country, as they are often mentioned. See Nares for examples.
- POST AND PAIR—(I., i., 55): a very popular game at cards, especially at Christmas, somewhat resembling our game of Commerce. It is constantly mentioned, and in Ben Jonson’s *Masque of Christmas*, a character, ‘Post and Pair,’ is introduced, who makes use of terms in the game that require explanation. “A game on the cards, very much played in the West of England, as All Fours is played in Kent, and Fives in Ireland.”—*Compleat Gamester*, p. 106. See notes at above, and at *Gipsies Metamorphosed*, and *Love Restored*, by our author, in Gifford.

POTATE—(III., ii., 177): imbibed. Pliny has ‘potata aqua.’ See ‘potatus,’ Ainsworth.

PREMISES—(II., i., 742): legal. “Upon the things mentioned above.” O. Fr., *premisse*.

PREVARICATE (II., i., 229): err, or go astray; an odd and early use of the verb. We get a history of this word in Holland’s translation of *Plinie* (1601): “The Ploughman, unlesse he bend and stoope forward . . . must leave much undone as it ought to be, a fault which in Latin we call Prevarication, and this tearme appropriate unto Husbandmen is borrowed from thence by Lawyers.”—Bk. xviii., 19, p. 579. The verb is fully explained legally in Blount’s *Glossographia* (1670). It seems to have been introduced by Jonson.

PRIMACY—(I., i., 131): first share, or pick of the spoil. The state of being in the first place. Cotgrave has *primace*: primacy, excellency, chief rule, etc. (1611).

PRIMERO—(II., i., 499; V., ii., 231): a very fashionable game at cards, played by four players. “An accomplished gentleman, that is a gentleman of the time, must learn to play at primero and passage.”—Jonson’s *Every Man out of His Humour* (1599). The game dates back to Henry VIII. See FIVE AND FIFTY.

PROJECT } (II., i., 316) etc.: when the Elixir is obtained there is  
PROJECTION } nothing further to be done than projection, or projecting it on the metal to be transmuted. With regard to the red or crimson ferment, Gifford quotes Norton: “Certainly last colour in work of Alkimy” (II., i., 110). Skeat has a note on *Fermentacioun* in his edition of Chaucer.

PUCKFIST—(I., i., 262): a sort of fungus; a puff-ball. A common term of abuse, used many times by Jonson. Fletcher, Taylor, and others spell it ‘foist,’ which is the original word, in an indecent sense, often met with. This interpretation gives a quaint bit of folklore. See Prior’s *Plant Names*.

PUFF—(II., i., 123, 175): a nickname (like LUNGS), for FACE; referring to his blowing the furnaces.

PUFFIN—(III., ii., 500): "a species of water-coot or gull" (!).—Gifford. Gifford appears to have consulted Nathan Bailey's *Dictionary* who says it is 'a sort of coot or sea-gull.' Junius's *Nomenclator* gives several odd significations, as 'a kind of porke-fish,' a 'pot-apple.' Nashe says "the puffin that is half fish, half flesh (a John indifferent, and an ambodexter betwixt either)." —*Lenten Stuffle* (1599). So that it was probably put 'on the spit' on fasting days. Perhaps DAPPER's strip of cloth over his face was striped in bright colours like the grotesque puffin's beak.

PURCHASE—(IV., iv., 740): a common cant term for stolen goods. Shakespeare uses it.

QUALIFY—(III., ii., 63, 67): to soothe; appease. Shakespeare uses the word similarly. And earlier it occurs, "My friends, depart and qualify this stir, And see peace kept within the walls, I charge ye."—*Three Lords and Three Ladies of London*, Hazlitt's *Dentley*, VI., 460 (1590).

QUIBLINS—(IV., iv., 728)—QUIBBLES: this word is a diminutive of 'quip' or 'quib.' The present form appears to be peculiar to Jonson. He has it again in *Eastward Ho* (III., i.); *Tale of a Tub* (IV., i.); and *Bartholomew Fair* (I., i.). I cannot find it in *N.E.D.*

QUODLING—(I., i., 189): according to Gifford, a word formed from the 'quod' or 'quid' of legal phraseology, and signifying a young lawyer's clerk or quill-driver. Gifford's note has the true Giffordian ring, and is very entertaining. 'Quodling' is an obsolete form of *codling*, a sort of apple, applied to a green youth, much as we use 'pippin.'

R, THE LETTER—See *ER*.

RAMPANT ('SMOCK RAMPANT')—(V., ii., 310): this imitation of heraldic language is frequently indulged in by Jonson. So 'dormant' at V., iii., 102. But it was later in *The Staple of News* that he expressly ridiculed heraldic language. Holland, the translator of the classics at the beginning of the century (1600–1610), freely adapted words in '—ant.'

RED MAN—(II., i., 407): see WHITE WOMAN.

REVERBERATE—(II., i., 276): "To heat in a fire where the flames are beat back from the top upon the matter placed at the bottom."—Gifford. "*Reverberation* is also a chymical term, signifying the burning of bodies with a violent heat in a furnace, made purposely, and reducing them by some repercussive ingredient into a very subtil calx."—Phillips' *New World of Words*. The term is defined by Paracelsus. Gifford's explanation is too simple for the situation.

RIDE, TO SEE ME—(I., i., 167): to see me drawn through the streets in a cart, as bawds were commonly treated. The punishment of the 'cart' is abundantly mentioned in Jonson. The following words refer to the pillory.

RIFLE—(I., i., 193): used in two senses: a game at dice, as defined in the *Nomenclator* (1585), wherein the highest thrower lifted the money set down by the gamblers; and as equivalent to our 'raffle,' a lottery, its meaning here. It was usually carried on in ale-houses. Rainoldes, in his *Overthrow of Stage Plays* (1593), says it was unseemly for Oxford students to "dance about Maypoles, rifle in ale-houses," etc. "Put crownes apiece, let's rifle for her."—Chapman's *Blind Beggar* (1598). "If you like not that course but do intend to be rid of her, rifle her at a tavern."—Webster. Raffle assumed the same meaning later.

*RIVO FRONTIS*—(IV., i., 218): “*rivus frontis* is an important feature in telling fortunes”; out of Cardan’s *Metoposcopy*—“In the Frontal Vein.”

ROMAN WASH—(I., i., 29): probably a wash of alum-water, made from Roman alum, which was the best. This would dry up and fix Subtle’s pinched and “piteously costive complexion.”

ROUND, TO WALK THE—(III., ii., 213): a military expression. “Gentlemen of the round” were soldiers whose duties were to visit the sentinels, watches and advanced guards.—*Military Dictionary*. See notes to *Every Man in His Humour* (III., ii.). Ben Jonson has the present expression in his *Epicane* (IV., ii.) previously. Here it probably has a double sense.—See TEMPLE CHURCH (*Glossary of Proper Names*). In Howell’s *Vocabulary* (1659), the expressions are “To releve the watch or centry. . . . To make the round. . . . To set the watch.”

RUFF—(IV., iv., 689): The enormous Spanish ruffs provoked much ridicule. The Puritans wore diminutive ones. The former were in fashion as early as 1576. Gascoigne inveighs against “treble double ruffs” in *The Steel Glas*. Stubbs says “They have now found out a more monstrous kind of ruff, of xii., yea xvi. lengths apiece, set three or four times double.”—*Anatomic of Abuses* (1583).

*SANGUIS AGNI*—(II., i., 132): the blood (‘both blood and spirit’), or red, the last stage in the process of perfecting the Elixir. See Gifford’s note, which is however mainly deduced from the text.

SAPOR PONTIC } (II., i. 589): Gifford quotes from Norton, “there  
SAPOR STIPTIC } be nyne sapers,” all of which, he adds, “maie be  
be learnde in halfe an hower.” Norton explains these two, “So is the sowerish test called sapor pontic, And lesse sower also called sapor stiptic.” *Pontic*, of the Black



Sea region; *stiptic*, binding. Phillips has "*stiptical*, stopping or binding, a term used in Physick." And in Holland's *Plinie* (1601) occurs "stipticke or austere, and tasting of wine."—Book xiii., ch. 19.

SARSNET—See TAFFATA-SARSNET.

SAY—(I., i., 453): an assay, essay, or attempt. A common word in the dramatists, often specially applied as a hunting term in testing the condition of the deer.

SCARAB—(I., i., 59): a beetle. An unsavoury term of abuse as it was distinctively applied to a dung-beetle. "Battening like scarabs on the dung of peace."—Massinger's *Duke of Milan* (III., i., 2). "You are scarabs, That batten in its dung."—Beaumont and Fletcher (V. i.).

SCARLET, CALLED TO THE—(I., i., 411): summoned as sheriff, or appointed alderman. Gifford says 'sheriff,' but as alderman Druggier would wear scarlet. So in *Staple of News* (III., i.), Alderman Security is in scarlet.

SCOUT!—(II., i., 566): look out! have a watch!

SEAL—(V., iii., 432): Ananias boasts that they are "Gad in exile" a little lower down. When he speaks of "us that have the seal," does he mean "sealed of the tribe of Gad?" But a 'seal' was necessary to all sects. In *Underwoods*, 62, we meet the "Seal of the Rosie Cross" (Rosicrucians). "Seal in his shirt" (II., i., 12) signifies to set his seal to a bond for mortgage, etc.

SEEM TO FOLLOW—(I., i., 445): "put on a seeming to, make ready to, or arrange, or begin to do a thing." Generally, our word *arrange* would replace this construction with the verb 'seem' (beseem). I have quoted this passage in my edition of *Othello* to illustrate "I shall seem to notify unto her" (III., i., 28), and given parallels from Peele and others. The passage in *Othello* had been a stumbling block.

SEPARATION, COMPANY OF—(IV., iv., 703): the Anabaptists who sought refuge in Amsterdam.

SERICON—(II., i., 660): "*Sericum*, silk . . . *Sericum* is also a name given by several chemical writers to the flowers of zinc raised by sublimation in an open inclined crucible."—Rees' *Chambers' Cyclop.* (1778). Gifford's note is perhaps a guess. See Bufo. He says "the red tincture."

SET—(I., i., 302): staked against; a gambling term.

SET OUT THE THROAT—(V., i., 160): to shout; make a noise. These words and the spirits in the air recall Ariel's first song in *The Tempest*. Compare Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable* (II., i., 262): "I should cut your throat . . . but that I know you would set out a throat." And Heywood's *Love's Mistress* (Pearson, p. 125): "Some neere to me in blood can tickle you for a tone. *Clown*. Meaning me, and I will set out a throate." See Brome's *Covent Garden Weeded* (II., ii.).

SETS—(IV., i., 280): plaits or folds in the great ruffs, specially of the Spanish fashion. Hall refers to them, "His linen collar labyrinthean set, Whose thousand double twinings never met."—*Satires*, III., vii. (1597). See also Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, V., i. (quoted by Gifford), and Brewer's *Lingua*, II., ii. (1607). See RUFF (above).

SHAD—(IV., ii., 386; IV., iv., 663): a term of abuse. The Twaite shad, the only one common in the Thames, was a bad fish, "being exceedingly full of bones and dry."—Yarrell. "The Thames shad does not frequent that river till July, and is a very coarse and insipid fish. True shad is a delicacy." I have looked through several ballads of London cries, but cannot find this of 'shad and mackerel.' The former, no doubt, possessed some opprobrious sense; that of 'mackerel' is well known. The "strawberries" cry is often mentioned.

- SHARDS—(IV., iii., 546) : fragments of pottery, as in our ‘potsherds.’
- SHEEP, WILD—(I., i., 6) : perhaps a reference to ‘mutton,’ a common name for “Dol Commons.”
- SHRIMPS, BUTTERED—(III., ii., 367 ; IV., i., 159–60) : Marston mentions this delicacy in his *Dutch Courtezan*, III., i. (1605) and the same author speaks of ‘buttered lobster’s thigh’ in his *Scourge of Villanie* (III.). Dekker refers to ‘buttered crabs’ in *If this be not a Good Play*, etc.
- SICKNESS—(*Argl.*, l. 1) : at line 183, Act I., this sickness is called the ‘plague.’ It is the sweating sickness, *sudor anglicus*. London suffered from a visitation in 1607. It appeared first in 1485, and frequently afterwards. It caused fearful mortality, and those stricken suffered from intense internal heat ; hence Ben Jonson’s use of the word ‘hot.’ England suffered more than any other country, and beer was said to be the cause. Still found in Germany. See HOT.
- SIEVE AND SHEARS—(I., i., 95) : this method of divination is still in use in the northern parts of the country. It was always employed for finding lost things. See Reginald Scot’s *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584), reprint, p. 213, for a full account of the “Waie to find out a thiefe” by the “paire of sheeres in the rind of a sieve.”
- SILENCED SAINTS—(III., i., 38) : referred to elsewhere by Ben Jonson (*Bartholomew Fair* and *Epicane*) as ‘silenced ministers,’ or ‘brethren.’ The reference is to the Nonconformist clergy, who were ‘silenced’ in the second year of King James, after the Hampton Court Conference. They are frequently alluded to in current literature of the time.
- SINGLE MONEY—(V., ii., 298) : small coins or change. Gifford quotes Brome’s *Merry Beggars*. The expression (not common) is used twice in Beaumont and Fletcher’s plays : *Woman’s Prize* (IV., iii.), and *Honest Man’s Fortune* (V., i.).

'SLIGHT—(I., i., 244) etc.: see 'ODSLID.

SLOPS—(III., ii., 224; IV., iv., 666): loose round breeches which went out of vogue soon after Elizabeth's reign. 'Bombard slops' are spoken of in *Case is Altered*; and 'tumbriel slops' in *Every Man in His Humour*; two of Jonson's plays at the end of her reign. See TRUNKS.

SOL—(I. i., 152; II., i. *et passim*): in alchemical language Sol stands for gold, as Luna for silver. MAMMON's banquet was to be "boiled in the spirit of Sol," with a few pearls thrown in for flavouring (II., i., 180). See MARS.

SOLECISM—(IV., i., 101): Jonson frequently expresses his horror of solecisms, or introduces them as reprehensible (*Fox*, V., iv., 1; Dedn.; *Epigrams*, 116; *Cynth.*, Rev., V., 2). So much so that Dekker mocks him for it in *Satiromastix* (Pearson's rept., I., 234). Jonson's is the correcter spelling (*solacismus*).

SOON AT NIGHT—(V., ii., 258): early this evening. A frequent expression, occurring more than once in Shakespeare, and others of the time.

SOPHISTICATE—(I., i. 398): to adulterate. Rarely used as a verb, but the past participle occurs in Skelton's *Garland of Laurel* and in *Lear*. Compare Holland's *Plinie*, Book xii., ch. 7 (1601): "Long Pepper is soone sophisticated with the Senvie or Mustard-seed of Alexandria."

SORCERY, STATUTE OF—(I., i., 112, 221): by this statute (confirmed in the First of James I.) sorcery and witchcraft were made felonies. So in Massinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts* (V., 1): "Do you deal with witches, rascal? There is a statute for you which will bring Your neck in a hempen circle."

SOVEREIGN, HARRY'S—(III., ii., 438): a coin of Henry VIII.; value half-a-sovereign.—Whalley.

SPAGYRICA---(II., i., 593): an epithet given to chemistry. It is chiefly restricted to that species of chemistry which works upon metals and is employed in the search of the philosopher's stone. Paracelsus first introduced the word. Gabriel Harvey uses the term several times, as in *Pierces Supererogation* (1593): "Physique, Chirurgery, Spagirique, Astrology," etc.

SPANISH---(IV., ii., 355-67): everything Spanish was in a sort of compulsory favour at court, owing to King James's efforts to unite the two countries. But the feeling of the people, owing partly to the Armada, and still more to religious differences, was quite against this. Ridicule of Spaniards on the stage was at this time in high popularity. Nevertheless an endless list of Spanish fashions might be adduced, and it is these Jonson lays himself out to satirize.

SPANISH FASHION---(IV., ii., 419): "It is the Spanish fashion for the women, To make first court." Perhaps an allusion to the popular ballad, "Will you hear of a Spanish ladie, how she wooed an Englishman." It is quoted thus in Sharpham's *Cupid's Whirligig* (1607), and often elsewhere. Compare Shirley: "Does he come a wooing to the ladies?"—*Gold*. "After the Spanish fashion, afar off."—*Love in a Maze* (I., 2). "Afar off" here means "a bad copy," a "long way from it."

SPUR-ROYAL---(III., ii., 476): a gold coin first coined in Edward IV.'s time; it passed for fifteen shillings in the reign of James I.

STARCH, THAT IDOL---(III., ii., 131): Ben Jonson's works are full of the puritanical objections to starch, especially yellow starch. It is a constant subject of satire. See Gifford's notes here, and in *Bartholomew Fair* and *Devil is an Ass*. A well-known attack upon 'starch' was made by Stubbes, the puritanical champion, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*. He calls it "the one arch or pillar with which the devil's kingdom is propped." The yellow was a yellowish green. See IV., ii., 50. Compare *Devil is an Ass*

(by our Author), V., 5 (1616): "'Yellow, yellow, yellow'!  
*Sir P. Eith.* 'That's starch, the devil's idol of that colour.'"

STATELICH—(II., i., 554): a Dutch form of stately; so 'frolich' and 'lustig' were in use at this time.

STELLA, IN MONTE VENERIS—(IV., i., 221): "a clear star or furrows that be red and transversely parallel on the Mons Veneris, and is much elevated, shews one merry, cheerful and amorous; it shows also one faithful, just and intire . . . it also signifies great fortune or estate and substance by a sweet-heart or lover."—Salmon's *Polygraphices* (Lib. V., chap. 45).

SROOP—(V., iii., 467): a term in falconry. To pounce as a hawk on the wing does on its prey. In Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*.

STOUP; YOUR SPANISH STOUP IS THE BEST GARB—(IV., ii., 362): Gifford says he is unable to explain this. Probably a stately bow. In a passage quoted from *Laugh and Lie downe, or the Worlde's Folly* (1605), to illustrate Stubbes' *Anatomie of Abuses* (New Shaksp. Soc., 1878), there is this description of a dandy of the time: "the picktooth in the mouth, the flowers in the eare . . . the kisse of the hand, the stoupe of the head . . . and then a tale of a roasted horse to make an asse laugh." A mere orthographic variant of 'stoop,' but this is the usual Chaucerian spelling.

STRANGE, TO MAKE—(I., i., 51): to assume ignorance. "I, at first, made strange of this story."—Head's *English Rogue* (II., 370) (reprint, 1668. Occurs in *Eastward Ho* (III., i.).

STRANGLD, TO BE —(V. i., 37): choked or suffocated, but not in our sense of 'to death.' So in Middleton's *Roaring Girl*, when one blows tobacco in another's face, the latter retorts "thou art the cowardliest, to come before a man's face and strangle him ere he be aware: I could find it in my heart to make a quarrel." Very silly notes are appended to this passage.

SUBLIME—(II., i., 100, etc.): sublimation is rendering vaporous, causing matter to pass into a state of vapour. In Chaucer.

SUDDEN—(IV., i., 195): hasty. A 'sudden boy' is equivalent to an 'angry boy,' or a 'roarer.' I have not met these boys elsewhere.

SULPHUREITY—(II., i., 664): the principle of being sulphureous. See AQUEITY. Words from Ben's mint, like "hermaphrodeity."

SUSCITABILITY—(II., i., 613): the power of being roused or made alive, applicable to quicksilver. 'Suscitation' occurs occasionally. Probably Jonson coined this word.

SWABBER—(IV., iv., 643): a term of abuse, much as we use 'sweep,' or 'swab.' An inferior person on board ship. Again *The Tempest* is recalled.

TAFFETA-SARSNET—(II., i., 193): 'taffata,' thin silk, is very commonly mentioned; 'sarsnet,' a fine thin silk, is said to be derived from the Arabic "Saracen." Occurs in Shakespeare. The compound was doubly 'soft and light as cobwebs.'

TALC, OIL OF—see OIL.

TAW—(IV., i., 348): to dress leather; to macerate. Used similarly (in a bad sense) in Middleton's *Blurt, Master-Constable* (III., iii.).

TEACHING IN THE NOSE—(V., i., 11): refers to the nasal delivery of the Puritan teachers. See *HUM* AND *HA*, and *BUZ*. So in Jonson's *Case is Altered* (I., iii.): "Speak in the nose and turn Puritan presently."

TERRA DAMNATA—(II., i., 584): the alchemist's phrase for earth. Hence dross or refuse. Jonson uses it again in *Tale of a Tub* (I., iii.).

TERREITY—(II., i., 664): the principle of being earthy. See AQUEITY.

**THREAVES**—(V., i., 65): equivalent to our ‘sheaves.’ Still in provincial use. Hall speaks of “threaves of ballads.”—*Satires* (IV., i.).

**THREE-POUND-THRUM, LIVERY**—(I., i., 16): ‘thrum’ is the waste end of the weaver’s warp, very cheap, to make coarse bad cloth of. The notes to this passage are astray. Three pounds was a better class of manservant’s wage. Thus Cooke in Greene’s *Tu Quoque* (1614):—“*Staines*: I am humble in body and dejected in mind and will do your worship as good service for forty shillings a year as another shall for three pounds”; and in Middleton’s *Phoenix* (III., i.): “A justice’s servant is in receipt of four marks and a livery a year,” which is about the same.

**TIM**—(IV., iv., 664) a term of abuse I have not met with elsewhere, and perhaps it is provincial. It is an Irish word with the sense of ‘fear,’ ‘spiritlessness.’ And it is used in Ireland as a nickname (without reference to ‘Timothy’) for a puny, absurd little person, a ‘whit’ in fact. Cotgrave has ‘Timothy’ in the sense of a silly fool (in v. *Bailley Bonne*).

**TINCT**—(II., i., 268): to tinge. Here it has a special chemical sense, equivalent to ‘give it a taste of the sandbath.’ Compare the substantive in *All’s Well* (V., iii.). The verb is not common, but Jonson has it three times elsewhere in the sense of ‘dye’ or ‘stain.’ “Tinct your hair,” Brome’s *City Wit* (II., ii.).

**TINCTURE**—(I., i., 76): a quality or accomplishment, in the metaphorical sense, used by **SUBTLE** from alchemy. “The alchemists give the name *grand mineral tincture* to the philosopher’s stone, from an opinion that all required to their operation is to give the colour or tincture of gold to fixed mercury.”—Rees’ *Chambers’ Cyclop.* (1778). See also II., i.

**TITI, TITI**—(III., ii., 477, 502): represents fairy language. The elves in Randolph’s *Amyntas*, III., iv., (speaking Latin and English in turn) use the formula ‘Tititatie’ several times.



Gifford's suggestion that *Titi, Titi* was a "hint to the performers to talk jargon," is absolutely untenable. If jargon was to be talked, the dramatists inserted it when they chose, as in *All's Well* and many other plays. "Tittie and Tiffin" are two of "Bryan Darcies he spirits and she spirits," according to Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, p. 455 (rept. 1584). Another clue may be found in the name Titania. In Drayton's *Fairy Wedding* he calls the fairy 'Tita.'

**TITILLATION**—(IV., ii., 365): that producing a pleasant sensation, here a perfume. This Spanish perfume is not first mentioned by Ben Jonson. In *Sir Gyles' Goosecappe*—Bullen's *Old Plays*, III., 40 (1606)—I find the following: "Nay Lady, he will perfume you gloves himselfe most delicately and give them the right Spanish titillation. *Penc.* Titillation, what's that, my Lord? *Tal.* Why, Lady, 'tis a pretty kinde of Terme new come up in perfuming, which they call a Titillation."

**TIRE**—(II., i., 521; III., ii., 289; IV., ii., 401): used indiscriminately as attire, or in the limited sense, "ladies' head-dress."

**TOAD**—(II., i., 404): one of the stages. See **BUFO**.

**TOBACCO-MAN** } (*Dram. Pers.* and III., ii., 311; V., i., 5): a tobacconist.

**TOBACCO-BOY** } The word occurs again in A. Gill's lines on the *Magnetic Lady*, by Ben Jonson, "Druggers, grocers, cooks, tobacco-men," etc.

**TOM-BOY**—(V., iii., 412): applied to a male here, and transferred later to a girl of such a kind—"whisking and ramping abroad like a Tom-boy." (Udall's *Roister Doister*, circa 1550). See **LADY-TOM**. See also *Cymbeline* (I., v., 122). As a female the word occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman's Prize* (I., 5), *ante* 1633.

**TRAY-TRIP**—(V., ii., 228): a game at dice, in which success depended on throwing a *trois*. It is mentioned in *Twelfth Night* (II., v., 207). See **Nares**.

**TREACLE**—(V., i., 58): a medicine; the ‘theriaca’ of the ancients. There were many prescriptions; the best was held to be that from Venice. The ancient ‘theriaca’ was known (in one form) as ‘Mithridate.’ Treacle contained 64 substances, and was a sovereign antidote against poisons, infections, etc. The basal ingredient was powdered and dried viper. Recipes are given by Nares; and in *Polygraphices* a chapter is devoted to “Antidote, or Treacle.” It was taken internally, but Rees’ *Chambers’ Cyclop.* says: “Treacle-water and treacle-vinegar are good preservatives against putrid air by only being smelt at.” This applies to Jonson’s use of it. Ample information will be found in Pliny of the ancient “Triacle or Countrepoyson.”—Holland (xx., 4).

**TRIG**—(IV., iv., 657): perhaps the word should be ‘trug,’ which had a sufficiently bad sense. See Nares. Taylor uses the word ‘trug’ in the sense of a ‘bawd.’—*Works*, II., 93 (1630). Gifford’s note here is outrageous.

**TRUNK**—(I., i., 488): tube. This was the old name for a telescope. It was used also of a pea-blower—*Eastward Ho* (II., 3); a birding-piece (Old Ballad, *Tom Thumb*); an ear-trumpet, etc. In *Albumazar* (I., 3) and Shirley’s *Traitor* (III., i.), it is used in the present sense.

**TRUNKS**—(III., ii., 225): trunk-hose. These loose hose (often stuffed with hair, etc.), went out of fashion after Elizabeth’s time. They were constantly ridiculed. See Strutt’s *Manners and Customs*; and see **SLOPS**.

**TURRIS CIRCULATORIUS**—(III., ii., 52): see *FURNUS ACEDILÆ*.

**TUTIE**—(II., i., 403): an argillaceous ore of zinc, found in Persia.—Rees’ *Chambers’ Cyclop.* According to this authority the meaning given by Florio (a ‘sort of brassy slag found in smelting furnaces’), and quoted in Stanford’s *Dictionary*, is erroneous. The Latin ‘Tutia’ is in Pliny, “some add Tutie and oile of

Roses.”—Holland’s translation, Bk. xxx., 8, p. 384 (1601). In a list of drugs, etc., by Will Baret (1584), “Tutia from Persia” is given.—Hakluyt.

UMBRE—(V., iii., 384): old spelling of ‘umber.’

UNBLAMED—(IV., i., 75): unblemished. Spenser uses ‘blame’ in the sense of ‘blemish.’

UNCLEAN BIRDS—(IV., iv., 671): Gifford’s suggestion that this referred to D’Alva’s invasion of the Netherlands by the great-ruffed Spaniards is untenable. That occurred in 1567, but were we at liberty to alter the text, the explanation would suit well. D’Alva was recalled in 1573, and no ‘unclean birds’ came later. Gifford must have known this. I am inclined to think the reference is to some real ornithological phenomenon. It would be quite in the puritanical style to call a courtly delicacy with a swaggering ruff, an unclean bird.

UPSEE DUTCH—(IV., iv., 587): ‘over sea Dutch,’ a strong, heavy beer, called also ‘upsee Freeze’ (Friesland). Both terms are frequently used. “Drink me upsee Dutch: frolic and fear not.”—Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Beggar’s Bush* (III., i.).

VELVET HEAD (I., i., 260): a reference (apart from the hunting term) to the velvet skull-cap worn by astrologers.

VENUS—(*passim*): copper. See MARS.

VINEGAR—(I., i., 365; III., ii., 432, 448): vinegar in the nostrils was an old stage method of producing bleeding of the nose: see *Return from Parnassus*.—Hazlitt’s *Dodsley* (IX., 108), and note (1601). This may be part of the foolery that was played on DAPPER. “Lethargic persons are effectually excited by vinegar blown into the nose.”—Rees’ *Chambers’ Cyclop.* We are told later that DAPPER “hath vinegared his senses” (III., ii., 448). Compare Preston’s *Cambyzes* in Hazlitt’s *Dodsley*, IV., 217 (1569): “Behold, now his blood springs out on the ground [a little bladder of vinegar being pricked].”

VISITOR—(II., i., 519): one in authority over an institution. It is used here in the sense that ‘visitor’ to an University is used. ‘Visitant’ stood often for our common sense.

VIRGIN’S MILK—see *LAC VIRGINIS*.

VIVE—see ARGENT-VIVE.

WALK THE ROUND—see ROUND.

WARM—(II., i., 726): well to do, well-off, in good circumstances. Still in use provincially. Compare Shakespeare’s (*1st*) *Henry IV.* (IV., ii., 19): “A commodity of warm slaves.”

WATCH—(I., i., 205): compare *Twelfth Night* (II., 5): “I frown the while and perchance wind up my watch or play with some rich jewel”—(1600).

WEASEL—(II., i., 543): MAMMON calls FACE ‘my good weasel.’ Compare *New Inn*, (I., i.), where FERRET (“a fellow of quick nimble wit”) is also so called. This is the early sense of the word, not ‘thinness,’ as one derivation suggests. Ben Jonson’s names are usually significant and repay consideration.

WHAT ELSE?—(IV., i., 181): a strong affirmation. Jonson uses it in *Poetaster* (IV., iii.); *Every Man Out of His Humour* (V., iv.); and in *Staple of News* and *Devil is an Ass*. Shakespeare, Lyly, and others use it.

WHAT’S’HUM—(II., i., 553): equivalent to our ‘what do you call him,’ when one forgets a name. So also in the author’s *Magnetic Lady*, “Lord whach’um” (I., i.); and see *Poetaster* (III., i.), “what-sha’ call him”; *Every Man in His Humour* (I., i., and III., i.); and *Eastward Ho* (I., i.).

WHAT’S TO DO?—(IV., iii., 485): “what’s the matter?” not “what’s to be done?” as in *Twelfth Night* (III., iii., 13).

WHEN AS (III., i., 30 ; V., ii., 229) : when. Frequent in Shakes-  
WHENAS } peare. "After the tune of the cxxvii. Psalme, which  
begins 'When as we sat in Babylon,'—or such lyke."—*Ancient  
Ballads and Broad-sides* (ed. 1870, p. 121, circa 1570).

WHITE WOMAN—(II., i., 407) : "Your red man and your white  
woman," terms in the alchemical process. Quicksilver  
(mercury) and gold. "*Mercury*, animated, is quicksilver im-  
pregnated with some subtile and spirituous particles, so as to  
render it capable of growing hot when mingled with gold."—*Chambers' Cyclop.* (1782).

WIN HER AND WEAR HER—(IV., i., 322-3) : in Shakespeare's  
*Much Ado About Nothing*. A fuller form is in Lyly's *Euphues*  
(1580), "Woo her, win her, and wear her."

WISH—(I., i., 388) : to recommend. So in *Match at Midnight*  
(Act IV.), "He says he was wished to a very wealthy widow."  
It occurs also in *Cynthia's Revels* and in *Tale of a Tub*. Dekker  
uses it.

WITCH—(II., i., 539) : to bewitch. So Shakespeare, "Witched the  
world with wondrous horsemanship."—*Henry V.*

WITS, TO LIVE BY ONE'S—(II., i., 730 ; III., ii., 347) : this familiar  
expression occurs elsewhere in Jonson : *Every Man out of His  
Humour* (I., i.), and *Fortunate Isles*.

WOOD—(III., ii., 144) : an assemblage or collection of anything.  
The words here are used previously by Jonson in *Epicæne*  
(II., i.). Compare Jonson's *Forest*. "As the multitude call  
timber-trees, promiscuously growing, a wood or forest ; so am  
I bold to entitle these lesser poems of later growth, by this of  
Underwood."—(*To the Reader*), Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*.  
The use here is still more 'bold.'

WOULD—(III., ii., 265) : used unmistakeably for 'should.' So  
again in *Cynthia's Revels* (V., ii.) : "These impostors would















